THE COMMONWEAL

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PROCESSIONAL INTO LIFE

MOMENTS in the midst of life are stamped with the rhythm of eternity. These sudden pauses in the ceaseless ticking of the hours, during which one grows dimly conscious of a stable present, far remote from time, are familiar to all who know the meaning of genuine human experience. Who has not seen in a vivid glance the endlessness of love? Or sensed the unchanging purpose of the world? Yet there is no such moment that is at all comparable with the event which Christianity proposes for remembrance on Easter Day. The triumph of the Saviour over death is the most awesome of all exceptions to the ebb and flow of worldly things. Men have witnessed miracles beyond number, revealing power over space, darkness and disease. But only once have they been bowed down in awe before the spectacle of Divine triumph over the supreme barrier to human bliss; and thereby alone, indeed, was their faith proved not in vain.

This faith, we need to remember continually, is faith in life, for Christ's own definition of Himself was life. And just as it was necessary that He should make His entrance into human circumstance through an immaculate gateway which transcended all nature's laws, so also was it imperative that His passing should spurn the mean, immutable routes of earth. He came and went in celestial freedom, thus rendering it impossible for us to doubt that His mission and promise are a vitality unending and immeasurable. True enough, the beginning of redemption is always pain. All seed must be placed in soil. And He Whose victory the Easter festival commemorates embedded Himself with infinite magnanimity in the chill mold of fleshly sin and sorrow, in which all of us necessarily dwell and of which we must become conscious before the ascent toward light and life can be undertaken. Without this realization of our "soil" there can be, as Newman said, no genuine religion. Yet this is only a passing stage, not the goal nor even the landscape of our journey. Our rebirth in Christ is an awakening to life, to everlasting life.

That is why, to speak in the language of belief for a moment, there can be no sincere Christianity without acceptance of the dogmas of the Virgin Birth and of the Resurrection. To deny either is to refuse to accept Christ's explanation of Himself—to doubt the fulness of His regal independence of cosmic rule, and to bind Him with the fetters of the death of nature and of man. What point could there possibly be in saying that such teachings are difficult to credit, or are supported by what is, from a scientific point of view, meagre evidence? The Resurrection, like the Incarnation, is the unique exception to those steady functions of the world mechanism which everybody must credit

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because he has to and to the study of which science is strictly limited. Precisely for this reason it so tremendously fortifies the Faith. Without it our confidence in the ways of God could not be complete. If we doubted the issue of the living Christ from the tomb, we might, it is true, see in Him a messenger from the realm of angels and truth, but we should never be sure of His transcendent power. And we must be sure simply because we have need of life. It is more necessary to believe in Christ than to believe in food or sleep. Confidence in these things will not keep us from mortality. But our faith in the Saviour is the only antidote in the universe against death.

We have every reason, therefore, to declare with the Church, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein." Out of His untrammeled power alone could such a day have come. The sheer jubilation suggested by such truth baffles expression. One reads that prisoners, led out to the place of execution, were rendered delirious with joy because their sentences were suddenly commuted. But what bounds can be set to the mirth of mankind awakening on Easter morn to the knowledge that the thongs of time are severed—that death has been uprooted from the heart? Here is the beginning of our unhindered processional into life. Our stride is verily over mountains and morasses. We burnish the stars with our feet in our frivolity. For all these things shall change, shall pass, shall be transfigured. But we shall endure, and all our days shall be fringed with increasing beauty. Men shall be as little children laughing on the floors of timeless houses. They shall wear blossoms through an everlasting June.

Why should we not remain conscious of Easter rejoicing throughout the year? Awareness of our earthly limitations is inevitable enough. Our fingers ache, tugging at the bars of time and space. And yet what goodness there is in realizing that, in so far as the career of mankind is spent in the companionship of Christ, the way leads toward constantly increasing perfection! Such growth is visible in the Church, wherein there has been a gradual, steady unfolding of vision and wisdom. It is discernible also, though to a lesser extent, in the progress of civilization toward clearer exemplifications of charity and truth. Whenever men are of good-will they do learn more about the universe, more about the human soul, more about the Divine plan. It never has and never will be a principle of religion to turn the gaze backward toward points of placid rest. The monuments, towers, ideas and fancies of resplendent ages humanity has traversed are guiding posts and standards. But to the Christian they can never be places of residence. He is committed to trust in growth for the simple reason that he is committed to confidence in life.

What folly to identify faith with lamentations for some particular yesterday! It is, of course, well that we should venerate and derive counsel from every step humanity has taken toward sanctity and understanding. But primarily our own going is the important matter—a going which, in many ways, is easier now than it would have been a thousand years ago. That is why, to become concrete, there is such cheer in Catholic effort in America. Here in a new land, the earliest trails across which were mapped out by missioners of Christ, a vast, unprecedented harvest is possible. The bounty of everything implicit in the Faith can be realized. Social enterprise can be conducted in a mood of justice and magnanimity. Horizons can be lifted in the interest of truth and knowledge. Confronted by such opportunities the Catholic has every reason for thinking of life in terms of life.

To recapture the firm outlines of the enthusiasm which, years ago, guided the spirit of the Faith through uncouth forests and innumerable dangers may be difficult, but is not more burdensome than belief itself. The whole muddled circumstance into which the present has been plunged—defection from purpose, surrender to base standards, readiness to exploit the victims of our own communal machinery—may well distress the observer but it must never bring him to a halt. Even a shadow after the fashion of Gethsemane darkness cannot lawfully dissuade the Christian from carrying on. For who does not feel that the end of living is in all truth to be the doom of death?

We here, it may be added, have particular reason for drinking in the scent of all the bloom that appears in the wake of faith. The beginnings of The Commonweal and of The Calvert Associates were, it may be admitted, little more than humble outcroppings of confidence—of readiness to believe that a purpose immemorially good could bear fruit now. Little by little this optimism—which was never blind optimism—has been justified. But it was not until very recently, just the other day in fact, that we could discern any marked increase of our influence or in the number of our supporters. To those who have been our friends from the start and who have made it possible for us to carry on, this news will fit in harmoniously with the Easter scheme. To those others who felt that the spark we kindled would soon be snuffed out, or that America was ready for no such adventure as we suggested, our renewed confidence ought to be, at least, something like a memento of high hope. Let it be stated also that above and beyond our gratitude to those who understood our purpose and were willing to share it, there abides our firm resolve to work on in terms of the present, but drawing strength in sources we believe are everlasting. This determination is so much more easily taken because we are and have always been conscious of the truth that we are not isolated, not companionless in our civilization, but surrounded on all sides by faith, courage and generosity. Who knows but what the United States may some time see an epoch rivaling that which the poet describes by saying that "Jerusalem blossomed in the noon-tide bells"?

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

OFFICIAL announcement by Ambassador Morrow that the oil controversy in Mexico has been ended with the concession of all points insisted upon by United States industrialists must strike a good many observers throughout the land of Uncle Sam as rather queer. Only a few months ago, Calles and Morones were firm in their conviction that wealth in petroleum and land must revert to Mexico, regardless of contracts entered into and prices paid. A certain number of local journalists wrote editorials to affirm and justify this conviction. Today a "voluntary act" on the part of the Mexican government—so, at least, declares Ambassador Morrow—has suddenly altered the whole course of action and steered the good ship oil into conservative company hands. What occasioned the sudden conversion? It is a little difficult to attribute it to the smiles of Colonel Lindbergh. It is harder still to think of it as a gift offered in an effusive moment of benevolence. Perhaps one does well to agree with the New York Times in remarking that "the Mexican government is cramped for funds." Something of a friendly loan is needed, and loans are not given by astute gentlemen of Mr. Morrow's calibre for the asking. Between repayment of loans and taxes on the one hand, between taxes and oil on the other hand, there is an exceedingly intimate connection. Another factor of importance is alluded to by the same newspaper in the statement that the Calles régime has "been put to great expense in dealing with insurrection in various parts of the country." Can this "expense" be curtailed? Despatches from Mexico City indicate that Mr. Morrow hopes to do something about it as soon as diplomatic conversation can be veered round.

THE idea, in which we confess to having been interested, is that United States coöperation in alleviating the financial illness of Mexico may result in putting an end to the disastrous religious struggle inaugurated by Calles. Here the chain of logic is taut and firmly welded: such a struggle creates industrial and social havoc, necessitates an expensive and continuous police campaign, destroys respect for the government, and therefore imperils the treasury. After all, as everybody knows these days, a country is equivalent to its treasury. That is political common sense well within the sphere of United States diplomacy, which is not the custodian of religion. Well, we hope the good advice soaks in. We hope, of course, while steeling our hearts with the thought that great battles have been won time and time again against overwhelming odds. It would have been far nobler, far more creditable to American integrity and tradition, if this horrible butchery of believing Christians could have been halted by the force of public opinion. If we as a people had wanted to see justice and religious fervor protected south of the Rio Grande, the persecution would have ended months ago. But since this could not be, let us have faith in Morrow and economic common sense. Let us have faith while asking ourselves if it can really be true that the nation of Lincoln and Lee is growing incapable of thinking clearly in terms of anything except money—that financial power is the only weapon which we now can wield.

UNTIL the reactions to the new French note upon universal peace have time to become more vocal, comment upon its suggestions must be largely academic. The language of diplomacy is still circumlocutory and the pious desire for "open covenants openly arrived at," of which we heard so much ten years ago, does not seem to have materially altered its tone, or its fashion of softening an intransigent attitude by deprecatory phraseology. So far as the press is to be taken as an index, there is a general agreement that the crux of the problem lies in the conditions safeguarding "the framework of existing treaties." Everyone is aware that a net of interlocking treaties has gradually come into effect, mainly designed to prevent a repetition of the situation of July, 1914, when nation after nation stumbled or was dragged into war mainly because no clear idea existed of the exact extent to which "understandings" had gone on the other side. In so far as these new treaties mark off a definite diplomatic terrain and allow the full risk of any armed quarrel to be measured in advance, they must be considered as adjuncts to peace even where their language provides for very definite measures in case of a rupture. The situation being such, we can well understand how a

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sweeping proposal to proscribe war "through multilateral treaties" will have to endure very keen scrutiny before it is allowed to supersede this elaborate and laborious diplomatic structure. One thing is certain. A series of "unconditional" treaties, proceeding from anything less authentic and dependable than a change of heart, leaving all the old conditions implied and driving them "inward" to the realm of secret conversations and commitments will be almost worse than none. Americans will be in a position to stand all the more whole-heartedly behind Secretary Kellogg's proposals if they bear this firmly in mind and, where it seems to them necessary, make it clear.

MANY excellent addresses were delivered at the recent St. Louis meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Relations. Mr. Frederick Kenkel outlined the development of the industrial revolution and indicated clearly why the Church was unable to bring greater influence to bear upon the trend of events. His address ought, we believe, to be circulated widely among students of economic thought. History is now taking so important a place in the sociologist's studies that no convenient and correct synthesis of past events ought to pass unheeded. Reverend John A. Ryan reviewed the good accomplished by Rerum Novarum. He is reported, however, as having said that "the socialism which the Pope condemned has practically disappeared outside of Russia"—a statement which seems to us more than relatively optimistic. Dr. John A. Lapp made an important point about unemployment when he declared that it is a difficult and intricate problem about which Americans do not think "until bread lines begin to form." When will social workers of his stamp succeed in impressing the public with the urgent necessity for handling employment in a large and genuinely intelligent fashion?

A VERY interesting and informative discussion grew up around the question of the family under industrial circumstances, some speakers holding that decentralization of production would result in the return of the family to its former status, others feeling that improvement cannot be hoped for unless there is a marked change for the better in the control of social factors. One such factor—frequently overlooked—was brought to the general attention of Catholics by the Reverend A. M. Schwitalla, S. J. He declared that medical statistics indicated a sacrifice of "years of life" by the industrial worker, which might in large measure be prevented. Suffice it to say that this and all other aspects of our contemporary life, as discussed at the St. Louis meeting, deserve the earnest attention of all citizens, Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

WE ARE glad to see that sentiment is beginning to repudiate the idea of placing over the new library at Louvain an inscription designed to perpetuate the hate of war-time. It may be that the building was destroyed by the "furor Teutonica," but the walls of the present structure, built through American generosity, are not the proper background against which to say so. Louvain is, after all, a Catholic institution; and as such, exists to give utterance to charity and forgiveness of injury. It is, moreover, more than a little international in character. The labor of research it sponsors can be and is shared by German scholars of the best sort. Finally, one should very much hate to see American beneficence and Catholic belief combining to erect on the frontier between central and western Europe another of those fierce challenges which so many monuments already express. Who that saw the sculpture and inscriptions which Germany and France addressed to each other after 1870 could doubt that their purpose was to prepare for a new conflict? Louvain and its Cardinal are unforgettable to us because in 1914 they did the right thing, the legitimately Christian thing. But an inflamed recollection of it is out of place in the sad, suffering, wounded world of 1928. "Patriotism," said nurse Edith Cavell, on the threshold of her spectral end, "is not enough." We fancy that her fellow-martyrs of Louvain, could they return to us, would be found echoing the noble sentiment.

A PRAYER for the proper conduct of an "opinioniated" journal is not so easy to compose as one might think. The following was printed more than a hundred years ago in the Berliner Abendblätter, and had for its author the illustrious Heinrich von Kleist. It seems to us quite modern in tone and inspiration: "God, my Father, Thou hast given to man a life free, splendid and abounding. He is crowned king of earth by reason of the illimitable powers, divine and terrestrial, which interweave within his breast. Even so, overpowered by invisible spirits, he lies in chains and his bonds are curious and incomprehensible: he turns aside from what is noblest, being blinded in his errors, and wanders about in the company of nonsense. Indeed he is pleased with his condition. If there were no history and no art that enshrines sacred memories, we should no longer surmise, O Lord, from what heights man can survey the universe round about him. Occasionally, however, Thou dost remove the bandage from the eyes of one of Thy servants, so that he can discern the stupidities and errors of his race. Garbed by Thee in the armor of speech, he steps into the midst of men without fear or arrogance, wakening them with thrusts, which are now sharp and now gentle, from their strange sleep.

"ME ALSO, O Lord, me unworthy one, hast Thou elected for this enterprise, and I am endeavoring to carry on. Transpierce me utterly, from head to foot, with the sense of that misery in which the age is dwelling, and with insight into all those niggardly, compromising, untrue and hypocritical habits which character-

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ize mankind. Steel me with the strength to bend the bow of judgment sturdily, and guide me in the choice of missiles, so that I may do battle with everyone as is meet, with reflectiveness and skill. Let me overpower that which is corrupting and incurable, to Thy glory. Let me frighten the vicious, warn the mistaken, and triumph over the fool through merely shaking my lance above his head. Teach me likewise to weave a crown of laurel for the brow of him who is pleasing in Thy sight. Above all, however, may love for Thee reign, without which no business can succeed, so that Thy kingdom may be glorified and enlarged, throughout all space and time. Amen!"

ALL who are interested in the right of free speech and who believe that the unhindered interchange of human thought is still our best specific against the prejudices and petty tyrannies that mumble their spells in the dark will hope that the news from Boston anent the forthcoming closing up of the open forum conducted for years at Ford Hall, under the shadow of the State House, is inexact, or at least that no decisive step will be taken by the Baptist Social Union until the widest opportunity has been afforded those connected with the threatened activities to state a case. A history of the open forum over which Mr. George W. Coleman, a former Baptist minister, has presided for more than twenty years, is a history of a whole liberalizing and emancipating movement in social matters now, alas! largely a memory in a post-war world of tchekas, podestas, censors and sumptuary legislation. The conviction that democracy fearlessly applied could solve all human problems took many forms that were bizarre and unsound. But in giving their advocates, one and all, a chance to air their views and challenge criticism from the plain citizen, Mr. Coleman carried on a great and vivifying work. His personality entered very largely into his success. None who saw his wholesome, sturdy figure advance to the platform at moments when feeling ran high, or heard his earnest voice, often lightened with a saving humor, pleading for tolerance, could doubt that here was a very strong force for righteousness in his community and country. The news that the retrograde step is contemplated during his first absence from America for twenty years adds an element of shabbiness and meanness to the affair which, if exact, will be a positive blow to Boston's even not yet outgrown reputation for fair dealing.

ITALY'S master mind, which might be said to be microscopic and telescopic at the same time and to whose urge for control "great" and "small" are convertible terms, will have made fresh enemies as well as new friends by his latest ukase outlawing, root and branch, tooth and claw, the feline population of the eternal city. Where grimalkin is concerned, no middle ground between enthusiasm and abhorrence, no aggregate of temperate liking, has been discovered. Either you are a cat lover or a cat loather. Either the sight of a furred prowler arching his spine in a city doorway impels you to lean, pat and rub, or your flesh prickles at the thought of how hospitable a host for microbes is being allowed to roam in close neighborhood to what may very well be your food supply. A sleek, well-fed tabby, his propensity to roam outgrown, is an adornment to every parlor and an adjunct not to be despised, as old Sylvestre Bonnard knew, in the thinker's sanctum. Unfortunately in every large city, and presumably in Rome, the fancy for cats seems to rage in inverse proportion to the fancier's means. A desire to harbor, comfort and encourage the breed flourishes at its height on the further side of the subsistence line. And the typical tenement cat is a rather terrifying sub-species. Repose and dignity have left him. His muscles are of steel, his sinews of whipcord, his paws of vulcanized rubber. Ash barrels are his dismal pastures. In the tenacity with which he holds to his miserable life, in the sheer effrontery of his unserviceable existence, there is so unpleasant a reminder of what may one day conceivably come upon the world that the philosopher cannot watch his lean and cynical muzzle protrude over the edge of some garbage can without an inward qualm. Rome, we fancy, will be a pleasanter and safer city when the Roman cat has followed the Constantinople dog into the limbo of the past.

AMONG the rather numerous centenaries of 1928, not the least interesting is that of Marcello Malpighi, whose name is probably unknown to most readers of this paper. Yet he was a man distinguished in many fields of science, an early microscopist and the discoverer of the capillaries or minute tubes which convey the blood from the smallest arteries to the smallest veins. Michael Servetus (who, incidentally, was burnt at the stake by Calvin for his book, Christianismi Restitutio) first described the circulation of the blood through the lungs, and William Harvey at a later date discovered the general circulation. But Harvey's thesis was incomplete in two directions. First of all there was the question as to how the blood got from the arteries, which were visible to the eye, into the veins, also visible. Malpighi settled that question by demonstrating the existence of the capillaries. The other difficulty was the motive power, and Nicolaus Stensen showed that the heart was a mass of muscle which acted as the pump of the system. Just as a footnote let it be remembered that Malpighi was summoned to Rome as chief physician to Pope Innocent XII and held that post until his death, and that Stensen was a convert to Catholicity who died a bishop after making such fundamental discoveries in human anatomy and geology as to have led to his being described quite recently (many years after his death) on a tablet set up to his memory by a scientific congress as "inter geologos et anatomicos praestantissimus."

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BOOKS may be everything Milton said they were, but an opinion as favorable as his is likely to be arrived at only after much selection and discretion. Advice is as necessary for the traveler through the realm of letters as Baedeker is to the voyager. An interesting and commendable attempt to supply information for one group of readers is the Catholic High School Library List, compiled by Miss Agnes Collins, of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Under headings suggested by the standard library classifications she has listed books which are both noteworthy in themselves and adapted to the high school reading room. The selection is, of course, not Miss Collins's own. She sought and obtained assistance from a large body of educators. In a great many instances also she gleaned advice from critical reviews, excerpts from which are printed under important volumes. One might, naturally enough, quarrel a little over certain admissions and omissions. The Shakespeare bibliography, for instance, could be much improved: and the section of letters might appear to some to have been supplied by a relatively chauvinistic person. But despite such unimportant and non-essential details, Miss Collins has succeeded in supplying the educator with a manual which will be used with thanks and to good effect by numerous people. We congratulate her sincerely and recommend her book to all concerned.

MUSSOLINI AGAIN

IT WOULD be futile to attempt explaining the disagreement between the Vatican and Signor Mussolini in any detail. We are too remote from the scene of action, our sources of information are too shallow, for us to delude ourselves into believing that what we say can be in any manner authoritative. Nevertheless it has been clear for some time that the political convictions of the Holy Father—convictions which he holds as the sovereign ruler of all Catholics, and not as an Italian citizen—run counter to much that has been proposed in the name of Fascismo. Before he was elected to the See of Peter, Pope Pius XI several times clearly expressed the belief that the Church ought never in any manner to be pledged to one side in a political struggle. In Poland, for instance, the clergy were ordered to abstain from taking any part in the fierce debates then raging. As citizens all Catholics must, of course, perform their duty; but this does not imply, and never ought to imply, claiming that some one party is or represents the Church, unless it has—as in Germany—a specifically Catholic name and tradition. It was for this reason that the Vatican attacked l'Action Française—a French royalist party which, even while it professed no religious belief of its own, doggedly maintained that it alone was "the" Catholic organization.

In Italy the rise of Signor Mussolini was accompanied by the declaration that since the Catholic faith was professed by the great majority of Italians, it would be officially recognized by the government. Crucifixes went back into class-rooms which liberalism had stripped of religious insignia. Much show of deference was made to the Holy See. In practice, however, it proved impossible to increase the "advantages" gained by the Church any farther than Fascismo desired. A Catholic prelate who might have wished to criticize the régime would have discovered, as clearly as any revolutionary professor, that a negative attitude was deemed undesirable. Education, however, soon loomed up as the bone of contention. An integral portion of the Fascist creed announces that the youth of the land must be trained in accordance with the purposes sponsored by the state. It is undesirable, therefore, that they should be educated by any other agency. Prior to last week, the Catholic Boy Scout organizations continued to function only by reason of Mussolini's "indulgence" toward some of them. Today the program is in force. The logic of Fascismo has arrived at the last stage of its educational deductions.

We do not think that the Holy Father's protest should be taken to imply more than it literally states. The position of "neutrality" toward Mussolini, emphasized anew in the advice given to the Catholic Centre Party, appears to be still the official attitude of the Church. Nor is it likely that a political struggle as intense as that which has raged in France will be precipitated in Italy unless moral necessity absolutely demands it. But the discussion of education, which involves almost exactly the same principles as were involved in the Oregon school case argued before the United States Supreme Court, constitutes a very grave issue for the proper outcome of which one must hope and pray. Here the Court, in accordance with fundamental national law and tradition, decided that the school cannot be considered a state monopoly. For Italy, however, Mussolini decrees that the Ballila must now be supreme and all-embracing. That this issue is complicated by other matters does not render its solution easier. No doubt the ruthless procedure against the use of German in South Tyrol is an action as gravely immoral in the eyes of the Church as it is in the eyes of the prevailing international conscience. And in spite of many words, the Roman question has not moved far toward a solution.

The American citizen admires Mussolini's power to organize a people against economic and social ruin. Appearing at a time when lawlessness and degradation were rampant everywhere, il duce virtually forced discipline upon his countrymen. But history and philosophy have not been written in vain. There is a clear limit to the amount of "right-about face" that the world of men will stand for. Mussolini seems utterly unconscious of this immemorial circumstance; and sometimes one is inclined to surmise that the end of all his tugging at the boot-straps will be a settling back to earth less pathetic, perhaps, than terrible.

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PROSPERITY'S MARGIN

SEEING "oursel's as others see us" is an old specific for deflating vanity and administering a wholesome bolus to that species of self-complacency defined colloquially as "swelled head." But the efficacy of the medicine depends on a whole lot of factors which the proverb has no time or space (being a proverb) to take into account. A few of these will suggest themselves. There must be a certain proportion of truth, that is to say, truth that the patient will recognize as such. There must be no suspicion of animus or envy in the reproof, or hint of the mere desire to say an unkind thing cleverly. Above all, the salutary draught must not be brewed in some pot or crucible whose dinginess supplies the kettle with an obvious and easy retort.

The prosperity of America was bound, sooner or later, to get upon susceptible nerves across the Atlantic. The temper of Europe, just now, where economical matters are concerned, might be described as "flurried." It has lost a great deal of money, material, trade and prestige. The difficulty—or rather the impossibility of collecting its debts from the parties adjudged responsible for the war, prophesied by Pope Benedict at its darkest hour—is a constant source of embarrassment to the "victor" nations at the recurrent periods when they balance their budgets. The stupendous financial operations that the whole question of reparations involves, have gone, like David's sins, over their heads, in other words, beyond their control, and "press heavily" upon them. The lesson of national interdependence is being learned belatedly and in an ungrateful fashion. Finally, all or nearly all, of the great powers are in America's debt.

Realizing how many factors—irritation, depression and even fear for the future—go to make up a temper, may not excuse the occasional sour face which Europe turns to the mounting flood of prosperity across the ocean. But it goes a long way to explain it. By a misfortune not entirely dissociated from the new controls under which the press has fallen in our day, the picture of America transmitted across the Atlantic is partial and none too pleasant. It leaves an impression of complacency, of lack of sympathy on our part with populations which went under the industrial yoke while America was enjoying her period of expansion in a virgin land and which have had time to learn the less pleasant side of the lesson.

A leading article in the Dublin Irish Times entitled Men and Machines, conveys this sentiment of irritation so competently that, aside altogether from the political complexion of the organ, which has for years been the mainstay of the English connection in Ireland, one or two of the statements made are worth pondering. The writer, while giving due credit to the material expansion of this country, sees the margin which creates prosperity in peril from the very completeness of mechanical invention, and uses the danger he conjures up as a text for recommending a more chastened spirit. Citing the unemployment which has recently been obtruding an ugly face in our press and quoting figures sent over from Washington to the London Times to prove that the machine is displacing human labor in an ascending ratio, he asks whether "thoughtful Americans" stand squarely behind the cheerful speeches of their political leaders.

The warning of this Irish writer is too much in line with misgivings that are finding expression even in this country to be dismissed as chimerical or as a mere indulgence of the catastrophic mood. Two factors, however, which European observers generally fail to take into account must be considered as considerably ameliorating the disquieting picture he draws for our benefit. One, as The Commonweal noticed only last week, is the far wider distribution of our national well-being. It is mainly because prosperity is in such general evidence here that it is found so imposing. No one class or category (and this can never be insisted on sufficiently when comparisons are drawn with Europe) stands for long outside what might (fancifully perhaps) be termed the "enjoyment area" of life, in any industry that is economically sound. It is rather noticeable that even such an unutterably horrible example of obscurantism as is shocking the national conscience in the Pennsylvania coal-mining district can be traced to the persistence in the new world of what is really old-world economic ideology, the atavistic and exotic presence of a vocational labor group, for whose function there is a declining demand and which resists absorption into other callings.

Another difference, which derives from the first, is that, owing to this wider distribution of the amenities of life, and to the supremacy of the home market, there is a greater awareness of prosperity here—a growing sensitiveness toward any upset of equilibrium that seems to menace its continuance. Between the financial weather-pilots of Wall Street and the manufacturers and distributors who chart their credits and collections in weekly conferences, there is little chance today that a barometrical fall will not be signaled in advance.

It is not within our present intention to comment upon the spiritual results that absorption in affairs may have for a nation whole-heartedly and homogeneously engaged upon them, beyond remarking how often critics in Europe fail to notice the large proportion of the result that is employed in activities which have less than nothing to do with profit. What the world outside is watching in America, it seems to us, is simply the energizing of an entire people and a reciprocity between producer and consumer never attempted before on anything like the same scale. It is an experiment, inspiring or depressing as you choose to take it. But at least it is one so unprecedented that parallels drawn from Europe, with its large masses of static and unhopeful labor are scarcely sound or tenable.

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TWO O'CLOCK NOMINATIONS

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

THIS year, Representative Burton told the Republicans of Cleveland the other day, is not the year for "another 2 A. M. convention, which shall defeat the desire of the Republicans of the country." Nevertheless the bringing about of "another 2 A. M. convention" is the sole strategy of all the Republican presidential candidates except one. The Democrats, always an imitative or copy-cat party in matters of strategy, have observed this and are so much impressed as to try the idea themselves in a crude and amateurish way. And the whole interest of the pre-convention campaign in both parties hangs on the single question whether the two o'clock Republicans and the two o'clock Democrats will succeed.

In the Republican party the two-o'clockers, as they may be described for brevity, aim to "stop Hoover." The two-o'clockers in the Democratic party aim to "stop Smith." The difference is that while all Hoover's rivals are neck-deep in the 2 A. M. scheme, only some of Smith's rivals are. There is no evidence, for instance, that Governor Ritchie of Maryland is a party to two-o'clockism. As usual, the Republicans are more efficient. All the anti-Hoover candidates are working harmoniously for a single strategic end, but the anti-Smith candidates are divided between two-o'clockers and mere anti-Smithites.

What Mr. Burton referred to was the convention of 1920. The leading candidates were General Wood and Governor Lowden, and the party desired the nomination of one or the other. Observing this, Harry M. Daugherty remarked that the convention would not make the nomination; it would be made after some midnight in "a smoke-filled room." He was not guessing. The smoke-filled room was Colonel George Harvey's in the Hotel Blackstone, and about a dozen men were present. They decided that one of the minor candidates should receive the nomination, a man who had not succeeded even in uniting his own state delegation in support of his candidacy, and the next day their orders were carried out. They had really planned all this at a meeting in Washington four months before, and their strategy was to have a number of favorite sons in the field, none of them strong enough to be nominated, but all picking up enough votes to keep Wood from the prize. When the delegates began to grow tired of the deadlock and anxious for any solution that would send them home, the psychological moment had arrived; the meeting in "the smoke-filled room" was held, and Warren G. Harding was sent for and told, much to his surprise, that he would be nominated for President next day.

The great success of Mr. Harding's administration —and it was a great success, from the standpoint of those who surrounded him—has bred a longing to repeat the 2 A. M drama, to have the same plot with a new cast of actors. It is already evident that so far as the Republican rank and file wants anybody, it wants Hoover. The motto of the two-o'clockers is "Give the people what they do not want," and since there is not a single candidate who has the ghost of a chance against Hoover single-handed, the tactics are to multiply candidates until he is "stopped," and then hold a "2 A. M. convention" in a "smoke-filled room."

The Democratic effort to adopt the same tactics is somewhat awkward and bungling by contrast. The Democrats have a childlike way of blurting out the truth. The latest anti-Smith candidate, Edward T. Meredith of Iowa, cheerfully admitted in announcing his candidacy that he was not serious about it:

> I would look upon such action on the part of the Democracy of Iowa as a statement of its position on the issues now before us, rather than as a binding pledge to myself.

Translated, this means that he does not expect the nomination, but wants to keep the Iowa delegation out of Smith's column. One can imagine the incredulous disgust with which a Republican two-o'clocker like Senator Watson must have read this exhibit in naïveté.

There is this to be said for the Democratic two-o'clockers, however—their position is more creditable than that of the Republicans they are imitating. With those who have induced such men as Meredith to lend themselves to two-o'clockism, there is a question of principle. They really do fear that the election of a Catholic, a wet and a Tammany man would ruin the country, and believe it their sacred duty to save the nation by no matter what means. Compared with the Republican two-o'clockers, they are worthy of respect, almost admiration. What principle is involved in the opposition to Hoover? From what peril are the two-o'clockers trying to save the country by beating him?

The nature of the arguments they have produced against him answers the question. They find that he is a Democrat, an Englishman, a starver of babies, a hater of rural people and an incompetent administrator of relief funds. In other words, the great principle for which they are battling when they plan to "stop Hoover" in a "smoke-filled room" is just this:

> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;
> The reason why, I cannot tell.
> But this I know, and know full well,
> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.

But signs are beginning to crop out in both parties that the country is sensitive about two-o'clockism. When the strategy was successful in 1920, the voters did not understand clearly what was going on. The

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delegates did, and when the "Senatorial Soviet" of the "smoke-filled room" tried to follow up its Harding victory by ramming its chosen vice-presidential candidate down their throats too, they revolted. An unknown delegate from Oregon, Wallace McCamant, sprang upon his chair and called upon the convention to overthrow the 2 A. M. slate by nominating Coolidge of Massachusetts. Coolidge is in the White House as a result.

Since 1920, two-o'clockism has received so much advertising that everybody who follows politics at all understands it thoroughly, and most of the rank and file do not like it. Hence the signs of sensitiveness. On the Democratic side, Senator Walter F. George, who is Georgia's favorite son and dictates the names of her fifty-six delegates, takes pains to make it plain that he is not a two-o'clocker. He explicitly announces:

> It is not my purpose to hold in the hollow of my hand this delegation or attempt to deliver it to any other candidate in the event my name should be withdrawn from consideration.

The difference between this and Mr. Meredith's attitude is sunlight clear. In Mr. Meredith's state there has been a strong Smith movement, and no way could be found to avert the Smith peril except to bring out a pretended candidate against him. This candidate had to be an Iowan, because Iowa would not go to any of Smith's rivals. So Mr. Meredith, not of his own accord, is persuaded to make a last-minute appearance as Iowa's favorite son, which he does, accompanying it with the amiable explanation that he is not a real candidate at all.

Why Senator Walsh is helping Senator Reed in this adventure is a mystery for which Mr. Walsh's dignified record affords no explanation. Mr. Walsh certainly has no idea that he can be nominated, but he is entering the contest against Smith in the same states where Reed is making the fight, and the explanation given in the despatches is that he is expected to draw Catholic votes from Smith, while Reed draws wet votes from him.

On the Republican side there are no such innocent confessions as Mr. Meredith's and no such pronounced fear of the 2 A. M. taint as Senator George manifests, but there are evidences that the Republican voters are becoming restive as the hour of the smoke-filled room draws near. These evidences are to be found mostly in Ohio so far. Hoover speakers and workers there seemed to find an effective argument in the fact that the late Senator Willis, after letting it be understood that he was going to make a fight in several states, ended by confining his efforts to his own. In other words, they charged him with doing just the thing that Meredith admits he is doing—posing as a favorite son so as to keep his own state from going to a candidate whom it assuredly would support if it were not for him. Since these speakers, notably Mr. Burton, found it worth while to point this out, it is evident that the Republican voters, in Ohio at least, are getting skittish about two'clockism. And if they were skittish while it was the gonfalon of Senator Willis, who was popular and had a strong following, they will presumably be still more so when it becomes the oriflamme of whoever snatches it up from his dead hand and tries to carry on his sadly terminated fight.

The desperation of the anti-Hoover men is more strikingly illustrated in another device they have invented as a sort of companion to the favorite son alliance. This is the draft-Coolidge device. If you cannot lay your hands on an available favorite son in your state, you must keep it away from Hoover by announcing that you favor an uninstructed delegation which will end the expected deadlock by drafting Coolidge. The insincerity and sham of this are glaringly apparent. None of these gentlemen has the least idea of nominating Coolidge, and all of them would be startled out of a year's growth if the President should take them at their word and announce that he was only joking when he put aside the nomination.

What is really back of this idea is that, in 1920, the two-o'clockers put over another scheme by getting a number of uninstructed delegations, so as to keep Wood from obtaining a big enough vote to interfere with their plans. It worked to a charm then, and that is why the two-o'clockers are reviving the scheme now, with Coolidge's name as a smoke screen.

Governor Smith's boom received an unexpected boost when Mr. Robinson, a Republican senator from Indiana, tried to involve him in the oil scandal. This accomplished two things of great value to Smith. First, it showed that the Republicans expect Smith to be the man they must beat; secondly, it brought the Democratic side of the Senate into instant unanimity and lined the Democrats up, for the moment, behind Smith, whether they liked it or not. By instilling into Democratic minds all over the country the belief that the Republicans fear Smith and that an attack on him is an attack on the party, Mr. Robinson went a long way toward Smithifying the Democracy.

A Fawn's First Rain

The first slow raindrop sliding down a leaf
Was silver splashed against the sleeping fawn.
Two soft brown flowers, wakened in a sheaf
Of tawny wild grain, were its eyes, and on
Its dappled skin a sudden ripple spread.
But other raindrops fell, and to its feet
The fawn leaped quivering and raised its head—
To find on airs a fragrance wild and sweet.

So when more raindrops scurried in their play
It made a silver circle in the grass,
Then darted under trees and hid away
But came again to see the silver pass—
And stood with wide new wonder in its eyes
Beneath a rainbow flung across the skies.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

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THE PAPACY AND THE REVOLUTION

By ELIZABETH S. KITE

THE issue before the public today as to whether a Catholic may or may not be President, calls for renewed emphasis upon the part played by the Church in the establishment of our commonwealth.

For 150 years we have been taught that it was the writings of the eighteenth-century philosophers which gave such impetus to ideas of human freedom that a weak and bigoted king, unable to withstand the popular tide, found himself forced to sponsor a revolution which his conscience represented to him as a sin. The force, it is said, was applied on one hand by the great American sage Benjamin Franklin, and on the other by the youthful, free-thinking French nobleman, the Marquis de Lafayette.

This indeed is the legend. The documents of our Revolutionary period, today easily available, tell however a very different story. In fact so closely bound up with Catholic thought, Catholic principles and Catholic practice is the whole history of the intervention of France in our war of independence, that among the symbols used to decorate the first printed copies of the Treaty of Alliance is a medallion bearing the papal tiara, and at the centre, among other Church symbols, is the pierced hand of Christ.

When we come to the story and replace legend by fact, Benjamin Franklin, venerable as he is, is obliged to stand aside and content himself with a secondary place; while Lafayette is forced to forego all claim to rank as a "primal cause." In their places stand two devout practical Catholics, Louis XVI and his Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Comte de Vergennes. Many historians will admit the change of persons, but will say that the matter of Catholicity is here utterly irrelevant. They will urge that the motives actuating the French king and his Minister were hatred of England and the desire of revenge for past injuries. If this were true their Catholicity would indeed stand only for their greater condemnation. The subject will bear examination.

Let us first turn our attention to the Minister whose mind conceived and whose steadfast will carried to completion the plan for French intervention in American affairs. Undoubtedly it would be possible to prove anything that is wished about the motives actuating the Comte de Vergennes if we were to use the method employed by many American journals of the present time regarding Catholicity as a whole; if we isolated certain words and phrases and then combined them in a way to meet our ends. The true method, however, will be to discover by a careful study of his whole work the inmost intention of the man before arriving at a decision. Taken in this way, it is safe to say that the more deeply the character and achievement of the Comte de Vergennes are studied the more convinced one becomes that he must be classed among the wisest and most enlightened statesmen which the modern world has seen.

As to Louis XVI it is necessary to recall that in 1775 he was only twenty-one years old. Nevertheless he presided with dignity and intelligence at all the councils of his ministers and nothing was done without his sanction. Of his great desire to act justly and uprightly there can be no shadow of doubt; his great scrupulosity was indeed a serious obstacle in the way of intervening in American affairs. The devious ways of politics alarmed his tender conscience, and he shrank from any project which required deception even if directed against a hereditary enemy of his country. Time and patience were required and much tactful pressure of argumentation both from within the council and from outside before the youthful monarch consented to the idea of secret aid. It was his uncle for whom he had a great devotion, the king of Spain, who removed his remaining doubts. On May 2, 1776, exactly two months before Congress passed the resolution for independence, the first million livres were set aside by Louis XVI "for the service of the colonies."

The event which had decided M. de Vergennes took place eight months previously; it was the proclamation of the British king, August 23, 1775, issued in answer to the Petitions sent by the Congress of 1774 and that of 1775, by which the insurgents were termed "rebels" and the meeting of Congress "treason." He had sufficiently sensed the temper of America to realize that after this proclamation an accommodation of any kind was unlikely to take place. A few weeks later an unofficial observer, Bonvouloir, was sent to Philadelphia and Beaumarchias, who was already in London, was allowed to present his first memorials to the king on the necessity of sending secret aid to the colonies.

Some time in December, 1775, M. de Vergennes brought the question of intervention before the council of the king. It is interesting to note that the great Turgot, the only "philosophic" member of the cabinet who was privy to the discussion, was also the only one who opposed the idea. His memoir, from the viewpoint of sociology, is an important document but he lacked the faith and mystical idealism which burned in the soul of M. de Vergennes. Soon after this date Turgot was dismissed from the cabinet so that henceforward there was unanimity of opinion regarding the advisability of intervention.

So rapidly did the tide of events carry them forward that by the middle of November, 1776, fully two weeks before Franklin's arrival in France, the terms of an eventual alliance were already formulating themselves in the mind of the Minister. This sudden development

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had resulted from the belated arrival in France of the first copy of the Declaration of Independence which had reached its destination. It was accompanied by an assurance on the part of Congress that an alliance was desired and that a plan for a treaty was under discussion. Formal presentation of the Declaration was made by Silas Deane, a deputy from Congress who had been in France since July and who, with Beaumarchais, had been engaged in gathering together the supplies, ammunition, etc., which were dispatched during the winter and spring of 1777.

The arrival of Dr. Franklin in December, 1776, was a difficult event to the French government, surrounded as they were with British spies and forced to endure the tireless scrutiny of Lord Stormont, the British Ambassador. But the venerable old man was equal to the occasion and with admirable grace submitted to an almost total effacement of himself so far as his official mission was concerned. The Minister, moreover, saw to it that he was comfortably cared for, for it was not without the former's intervention that M. le Ray de Chaumont honored himself by establishing the venerable sage, who had turned the heads of all Paris, in his own beautiful villa at Passy. After the break between France and England and the recall of Silas Deane, Franklin was made plenipotentiary and had the direction of affairs in his own hands.

But let us now return to the motives which actuated M. de Vergennes in entering into a war from the contemplation of which the financial condition of the government seemed to exclude him. Undoubtedly the mind of M. de Vergennes was dominated by a desire for equipoise, for balance in the political world. First of all in Europe, where that balance had been seriously disturbed, especially by England after the Seven Years' War. This end he effected by joining in the American Revolution and by securing in Europe the Ligue des Neutres. But he desired equally balance in America, and to effect this he had insisted that France would not aid the colonies in acquiring territory but only in the strife for independence. As for Canada, he desired that it should remain English, and that Spanish America to the southward should not be disturbed in any of her possessions. The first French Minister, Gérard, in carrying out his instructions soon found himself in opposition to some of the most powerful leaders in Congress, who even before independence was secured were attempting to prepare the way for the appropriation of the entire continent to themselves. In regard to Canada, however, the views of the Commander-in-Chief so wholly accorded with those represented by the French Minister that Congress was obliged to relinquish the hope that France would help win that province for the United States.

In all this we have but touched upon a few of the incidents of Catholic interest connected with the participation of France in the war of American independence. Of special significance is the solemn Mass and the blessing of a stack of arms on board the admiral's ship the Languedoc, which preceded the formal declaration of war against England by France on May 20, 1778. Then there was Rochambeau and his army of such disciplined Catholic troops that in their march through the country it was said that not an apple was disturbed on the trees nor a chicken in the barnyards; while the first field Mass ever said in the States, outside the barracks at least, was held in a meadow near Hartford, Connecticut, as the French army marched to join that of Washington on their way to Yorktown and the victory over Cornwallis, in October, 1782. Nor must there be forgotten in this connection the social prestige which at once accrued to the Church in Philadelphia on the advent of the French Minister and his suite, whose very first act after finding himself installed in the city where Congress met, was to arrange with the admiral of the fleet which had brought him to America for a "priest to serve at the legation of the king."

Nor were the religious privileges of Catholics forgotten when the time came for deciding the terms of the treaties which concluded the tripartite struggle. Propaganda at Rome, with the approbation of the Holy Father, had been watching events, not intending to let the opportunity slip of securing some clause in the new treaties favorable to the interests of the Church in the new world. A letter to this effect was sent to the papal nuncio in Paris in January, 1783. The nuncio in replying on February 10, was able to state that the Comte de Vergennes, whom he elsewhere speaks of as "a true statesman, full of zeal and attachment for our Holy Catholic religion," had "already taken pains to secure peace in religious matters for those subjects which return to British rule [that is, for the inhabitants of Canada] by Article VIII of the Preliminaries of Peace" signed between France and Great Britain January 20, 1783. And the nuncio continues:

> As regards the United States of North America, which, in future, are to be recognized as a new sovereign republic, the Comte promises himself that as all religions and their practices are tolerated in that country on principle, there will be consent, not only to the presence of Catholic missionaries, but also to the appointment of one of the citizens of that country with episcopal character.

Thus did the Comte de Vergennes crown his work for the independence of America with this act of supreme confidence in the justice of the American people by entrusting to them and to the Catholics scattered among them the adjustment of all problems that should arise touching religion. The century and a half which has passed since then has borne testimony to the wisdom and foresight of the French Minister. May we not take it as an omen of good that the year which first has seen a serious question arise regarding a Catholic candidate for President is the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that alliance upon which the blessing of the Church was asked by the major half of the contracting parties?

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CROSS-CURRENTS IN THE EAST

By SALLOUM A. MOKARZEL

A TITANIC struggle is now being waged in the Moslem world between the forces of progress and the forces of reaction. The conviction of each faction in the vitality of the issues involved is so deep-rooted that most extraordinary methods of coercion are being resorted to. With so much animus and desperation prevalent, the final clash cannot be long delayed. When it comes there is bound to be such a tremendous upheaval in the near East as will completely change the existing order of things and submerge in one great tidal wave the traditional heritage of the "unchanging East." And this cataclysm is inevitable, in spite of the fact that the main points of difference are neither more nor less than those existing in the West between fundamentalists and advocates of reform. The animus of the Orientals may be trusted to carry the controversy further than that of verbal debate. Whereas, in the United States, the question of prohibition is disposed of by legislative methods, in the East, issues of even a less serious nature will be settled only by recourse to arms.

What makes this struggle particularly ominous is that it is being waged between the two most powerful factions of the Islamic world, those representing two distinct nationalities, the Arabs and the Turks, while the theatre of conflict is so restricted that only the comparatively small country of Syria separates the two opposing forces. The Turks, under the leadership of their dictator, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, are the protagonists of the reform movement, while the Arabs, whose most powerful potentate is King Ibn Saud of Nejd, are being driven by him to uphold the most puritanical principles of early Islam. Where ultimate victory will rest is not difficult to guess, for the Turks may be trusted to be launching their radical movement in no spirit of enmity to Islam but rather in a spirit of conformity to the requirements of modern times. As devout Mohammedans at heart as any that can be found, they also have an eye on economic development and realize that they cannot well apply methods of a thousand years back or more to the needs of the twentieth century. The Arabs, on the other hand, have not come into as close contact with the West as have the Turks and consequently are not as much affected by modern influences. Hence the possibility of such principles as those advocated by Ibn Saud and his followers finding so much support. It seems only a matter of time before the contagion of the modern spirit will penetrate into Arabia and change the aspect of the situation. When this change will be effected, however, is beyond the ability of anyone to prophesy.

What the Turks have done so far in the way of emulating the West is too well known to need repetition in detail. Briefly, the Turks have torn themselves loose from traditions hitherto considered inviolable. The Caliphate was abolished and left to go begging among the potentates of the Mohammedan world, with utter disregard for the prestige of Islam. Prayers were ordered recited in the native Turkish language with total indifference to Arabic, the sacred language of the Koran. Polygamy was no longer tolerated and even personal liberty was invaded by decreeing that the tarboosh, formerly considered the national headgear, should give way to the European hat. In short, such radical changes were introduced as to make one standing on the threshold of this transition stare aghast at the rapidity of the transformation.

What, on the other hand, has been the Arab contribution to the situation?

In truth, it must be confessed that an earnest effort has long since been undertaken by an enlightened section of the Arabic-speaking peoples to foster a movement of reform. This, of course, is meant to apply to the Mohammedan element of the population. Of recent instances may be cited the campaign being waged by the Mohammedan women of Syria to discard the veil, while in Egypt we know that several decades back such a movement was advocated by the late Kassim Ameen. Now we find Mohammedans in ever-increasing numbers sending their children to be educated in the professions in foreign schools both within their respective countries and abroad. We even have the rare instances of Mohammedan men marrying Christian wives and strictly practising monogamy. In some sections of the Mohammedan East, especially in those sections bordering on the sea and brought into close touch with western influences, it may be truly said that the same degree of culture and modernism obtains as can be found anywhere in Europe or America.

But what about the real Arabs, the Arabs of Arabia, and the masses of Arabic-speaking peoples and others of the Moslem faith who form the main body of Islam? Are they sympathetic to modernizing influences or even passive in their attitude? Or are they so set against any infraction of their centuries-old traditions as to fight tooth and nail any attempt to swerve them from their old practices?

The answer to these queries is only too evident to anyone following the trend of events in the Moslem world, especially that section of it comprised by the countries of the near East. Particularly in Arabia, the home and the stronghold of Islam, the Arabs not only live the life they had been leading for innumerable centuries, but they show unmistakable signs of resenting any change. Any deviation from their prescribed

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course would be sure to meet determined opposition on their part.

In support of this contention it does not seem necessary to carry the reader back decades or even years. The occurrences of the closing months of the last year are quite sufficient to demonstrate the facts of the situation. They are little known to the general reader of American papers, but the native Arabic press abounds in news items that shed interesting light on the situation.

One, for instance, lately reported by news despatches in the United States, is the account given by the Cairo correspondent of the Daily Express of the stringent restrictions laid down to his subjects by the Arab King Ibn Saoud. This despatch was, in turn, based on a consular report to the Egyptian government. It states that among the things forbidden are smoking, use of alcoholic liquors, use of perfume, wearing of gold and silver ornaments and silk garments.

It is further stated that immediately the muezzin's call to prayer is heard, all must at once abandon what they are doing and hasten to the mosque, for "prayer is better than work or sleep."

Shaving of the beard has been decreed a crime for which both the wielder of the razor and the person shaved shall be severely punished.

Usury, meetings of men and women, and gatherings of relatives to bewail the dead also are forbidden.

Ibn Saoud, it must be remembered, is at present the most powerful of all the kings of Arabia. He was able to reach this degree of power only through the support of his zealot followers who are known as the Ikhwan, or the brothers, for whom as for all the Wahabis, the Sunna is as essential a guide as the Koran, not only in their daily religious practices, but in all the business of life. Of this group Ameen Rihani, the Syrian author who, through special courtesy was permitted to visit Riadh, the capital of Ibn Saoud, only about a year since, wrote as follows:

> What the Prophet Mohammed said and did, from the broadest rule to the minutest detail of conduct, from the loftiest to the most frivolous—how, for instance, he prayed and how he trimmed his beard and his finger-nails—that is the Sunna. The Wahabi lives and dies by it. Everything he says and does he must be able to justify by the Sunna and the Koran—more by the Sunna, in fact, than the Koran. He bows the head only to Allah—Sunna. He wears no silk garments—Sunna. He refrains from decorating his mosques—Sunna. He does not kiss the hand of imam or sultan—Sunna. He associates with Allah, in his prayers, no prophet or saint or other mortal. Said the Prophet Mohammed: "Say not, 'By the help of Allah and the Prophet', but say, 'By the help of Allah and then the Prophet.'"

Further glimpses of what is agitating the near East may be had from other sources as laid open to us by seemingly casual notices in the native Arabic press during the last few months.

In their efforts at regeneration in Iraq, over which rules King Feisal, some Syrian teachers were asked to fill positions in local schools who had been educated in foreign institutions. The population of Iraq is predominantly Shiite, or followers of Ali. A certain teacher, however, saw fit to publish a book in which he upheld the claim of Muawiyah to the Caliphate against Ali in what he considered a pure contribution to historical knowledge. Immediately there was an uprising in Bagdad which resulted in much bloodshed and the offending historian was finally banished from the country, thanking Allah that he was able to escape with his life.

Especially do the Arabs resent any missionary effort, and this not only because they believe in Islam, but more because they look upon Islam as the special religion of Arabia and it is both their duty and privilege to uphold it. Recently, the Arabic paper Al-Yarmouk, published in Palestine, delivered a broadside attack on Christian missionaries in general and those of them who are English in particular, for their "misrepresentation of conditions" in Arabic-speaking countries. As quoted by this paper, the circular reported to have been prepared by these missionaries calling for volunteers for missionary work in Arabia does not seem to be in good taste. It does not mince words in calling Mohammed the False Prophet and ridiculing in the most scurrilous language the practices and customs of Islam. But the strong point brought out by the paper is that the missionaries seeking converts are attempting this difficult task among the very people who claim the Arabian Prophet as their own, and take pride in him not only as the founder of a religion, but as their greatest patriot.

Religion, it would seem, is a sacred precinct to the Arabs where no foreign influence may be permitted to trespass. No better illustration of this fact could be cited than the case of the American, Mr. Charles Crane, whose reputation for friendliness to the Arabs has penetrated the farthest corners of the Arab world. He is held in the highest esteem for his philanthropy and the solicitude he displays for the uplift of the Arab race. His efforts toward assisting Arab students in acquiring education abroad are much appreciated. Especially do the Mohammedan elements, particularly of Syria, feel grateful to him for the political agitation he has engineered in their behalf. But when it comes to matters of religion he is frankly and plainly told that his meddling tactics are unwelcome.

The following account of Mr. Crane's recent travels in the interior of Arabia is taken from the Arabic paper Fata-'l-Arab:

> Much of Mr. Crane's speech to the members of the Eastern Society in Cairo recently has been published in the press, but the Society may finally decide on publishing this speech in book form. I have learned, however, from authentic sources that the trip of Mr. Crane to Arabia was undertaken for a double purpose, the lesser of which

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is to study the prospects of the Pan-Arab movement and whether it is possible of realization. On this subject Mr. Crane has refused to make any statement to the press.

The primary object of Mr. Crane, however, was the survey of educational possibilities in Arabia and whether it would be possible to establish American schools in the coast regions such as Mr. Crane had established in China out of funds from American Educational foundations. Of special importance is the fact that Mr. Crane had an aunt by the name of Gertrude Crane, who died a few months ago and left a fund of $1,000,000 to be spent on American missionary enterprises in the East. For this purpose also, Mr. Crane's aunt had set aside the revenue of some of her rich land holdings. It appears that Mr. Crane was undertaking to apply the conditions of his aunt's will to Arabia, but his personal studies and observations in the districts of Yemen, Asir and Hejaz struck his plans a forceful blow. The Arab rulers plainly declared to him that they would never accept this kind of educational institutions. Where he received the stunning blow, however, was in Yemen. Here Imam Yahya absolutely refused even to discuss the subject of Christian schools.

Another instructive view of present conditions in Arabia may be had from an account of Dr. Wolfgang von Weisl, a German investigator who made a tour of the country in the course of last year. Slavery, according to him, still flourishes in Arabia. In this he corroborates recent reports submitted to the League of Nations on the same subject. He states that no less than 2,000 slaves are imported into Arabia from Abyssinia every year, in spite of the vigilance of the powers against the traffic. A human being is still considered in Arabia as a mere chattel with a defined market value. Some of the revelations of Dr. Weisl on the subject are interesting and read like a description of conditions thousands of years ago:

> King Ibn Saoud has the ambition of creating a whole battalion of slaves. . . . Today Ibn Saoud has a bodyguard of 120 picked slaves upon whom he can depend under all circumstances, who are absolutely devoted to him. In Arabia 120 slaves represent not only wealth but power also. They are the only dependable soldiers. . . . If a king is defeated his slaves fall into the hands of the victor and are divided, like horses and dogs. . . . In Arabia the attempt of a woman slave to escape is punishable by death.

Such is Arabia and such are the Arabs of today. The land of the Prophet is still the isolated stronghold of Islam and the Arabs its uncompromising defenders. Between Arabia and Turkey is but a stone's throw, judging by modern standards of distance. Yet the Arabs and the Turks, although of the same religion, remain as distant as the poles.

Ultimately, no doubt, the Arabs are destined to bend to modern influences and detach themselves from many of their old traditions. But when this change is to be effected it is not given anyone to foretell. Arab pride and love for independence, Arab fatalism and belligerency, Arab passion and desperation, cannot be questioned. But to what extent these will carry them in the defense of their traditions and what is to them the immutable prescriptions of Divine revelations, cannot be conjectured. These factors make the situation dangerous and deserving of the closest attention.

LORD ACTON'S AMERICAN DIARY

By RICHARD J. PURCELL

IN THE summer of 1853, Emerich Edward Dalberg, Baron Acton (1834-1902) visited the United States as an aide of Lord Ellesmere, British representative to the New York Exhibition. Acton was a cosmopolitan. Born in Naples, son of an English diplomat, grandson of a Neapolitan prime minister, a descendant on the maternal side of the proud Bavarian nobility, he commenced his education at Oscott near Birmingham during the rectorship of the scholarly Doctor Wiseman, later Cardinal. He studied in Munich under the unhappy Döllinger, through whom he became acquainted with eminent continental historians. His birth and ability gained recognition in his own England. One of Gladstone's intimate circle, he was recommended for a peerage in that memorable year when the Irish Church was disestablished. Later Lord Rosebery appointed him regius professor of history at Cambridge, which in his youth would have denied its university privileges to him as a Catholic. This he pointed out in his inaugural lecture. Such were the changes taking place in England. As a historian and a man of erudition, he was among the first Englishmen. Aside from printed lectures and the exquisite letters which Cardinal Gasquet has edited in Lord Acton and His Circle, he wrote little, being best known as the editorial creator of the Cambridge Modern History. A man can be too painfully scholarly to write much history. That was always Lord Acton's weakness.

In America, Acton jotted his impressions in diary form, but he did not embarrass his hosts and their compatriots by rushing into print, thus setting a good example for foreign visitors. As America of pre-bellum days was overly sensitive, it was well that his notes were reserved for the present generation, with the recent publication of his diary by the Fortnightly Review.* Acton was not enthusiastic, but fair when checked by travelers' accounts of the fifties. The shrewdness of his observations is astonishing in a youth of twenty years.

Entering New York, Acton saw a city hidden by

*For 1921, pages 727-742, 917-934; and 1922, pages 63-83.

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masts of ships, for America then had a proud merchant marine known in every port. He enjoyed his interview with reporters, and Horace Greeley he regarded as sincere despite curious hobbies, though he could understand why many persons suspected the man, who "looks half-cracked and half a rogue."

Mr. Sedgwick of the Exhibition offered to secure letters of introduction to certain South Carolina planters, "from Mrs. Marsh, an old Catholic lady who lives here and owns one of the largest plantations in South Carolina, where the slaves are patriarchally treated." It was quite the thing to afford a visitor a first-hand view of our peculiar institution. Acton could not avail himself of the opportunity, and continued to accept Mrs. Stowe's description "as the best picture of Negro life that has ever been drawn." Yet during the Civil War, Acton was a southern sympathizer like fellow-Englishmen of his class.

The Maine Law was another concern of foreign observers. The diarist wrote with a touch recognizably modern:

> It appears that temperance societies do harm in America. They have met with enthusiastic support. In Maine, the legislature has passed a law forbidding liquor to be sold, so that the most vexatious proceedings must be carried on to prevent it. The people of Maine have earned the name of maniacs in consequence. This specimen of bureaucratic interference appears strange in such a free country.

Later he learned the names of fifty drinks; for whatever witty Frenchmen might observe concerning our lack of variety in soups, our drinks were as varied as our creeds. He marveled that with no wine served at Harvard, its students passed for the most dissipated set in the union.

A class of new rich was fast developing, some of whose representatives afforded the cultivated Englishman much amusement. The twang of their untutored women shocked his sensibilities. Abbott Lawrence he characterized as commonplace, exploiting his tolerance and friendship for the Catholic bishop of Boston. Though worth $5,000,000, Lawrence was out at the heels and in a frayed coat. Acton confided to his notes that he regretted the time spent with the pompous capitalist though the latter had done his best. The career of Girard, the immigrant French cabin-boy who amassed $16,000,000, challenged Acton's attention. It enabled him to vision America's economic future.

With clever insight he saw the small farmer as the backbone of American wealth and democracy:

> There is a great population of small independent landowners of two or three acres, and these men, together with the mechanics, form the nucleus and foundation of the American people. They are intelligent, honest and industrious, and far better fitted for self-government than the German and Irish emigrants. Of these Mr. Sedgwick spoke with abhorrence, as if they were injurious to the country.

Acton's view of presidential candidates was strikingly like the late Lord Bryce's well-known commentary on dark horse Presidents:

> Clay stands next to Washington in popular estimation. During the last year of his life he had sunk much, but he was a most remarkable man. As a party leader he was admirable. Webster was a greater statesman, but less fascinating and less popular. It is only in latter years that second-rate men have been preferred for Presidents. Adams and Jefferson were the first men of their time, and Madison was a very considerable man. I am very curious to know the reason of this change.

Acton was striking deep into American political conventions representative of the many but cleverly dominated by the few.

Irish immigrants were ill considered, until he met Orestes Brownson and Bishop Fitzpatrick, from whom he gained a more favorable impression. Prejudiced, he saw the Irish as laborers and servants through the eyes of those who feared immigration and secretly sympathized with political nativism. However Acton's attitude changed.

The opinion of Edward Everett so impressed Acton that he reproduced it at length:

> Everett's conversation was pleasant, but did not seem to me rich. He spoke of emigration, and his ideas did not seem to me very clear or comprehensive . . . . He rejoices at the influx of the Irish. The priests, he says, keep them in order, and it was due to them that Kossuth (a Hungarian radical exile) was put down. He thinks they will drive out the slaves in Maryland and Virginia, but not farther south. They do not go far west. They generally find employment nearer at hand, and as they are easily satisfied, the American leaves the lowest work to them and employs himself with higher occupations. He thinks emigration is no injury to England, and rejoices at the higher price of labor which it has brought on in that country. The Germans, he says, are better emigrants than the Irish. They are more thrifty, and settle farther west on little farms of 200 or 300 acres.

Acton learned that the Pennsylvania Dutch were the less liked for having preserved their customs and language for three generations.

It was in Boston and Cambridge that Acton found pleasure visiting the Athenaeum and Harvard University, and conversing with most of the celebrities. His criticisms were at times tart:

> The State House, a fine building with a dome, is on the summit. Before this is the Common, a kind of small park where the Puritans used to put heretics to death.

Making a Smithfield out of the Common would have aroused his new friends had his observation been confided to print. He was pleased with Ticknor, the historian:

> He spoke a good deal of Germany. He studied at Göttingen with Everett in 1817 and knows the country well. Bancroft also studied at Göttingen under Helsen. Ticknor asked so many questions after European literary

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men that I could learn very little. His conversation is very lively and agreeable. . . . Ticknor has a fine library, particularly for Spanish books. He sends to Europe offering fabulous sums for rarities. He respects Schack very highly. Clasus, whose name I told him, he said had not sufficient materials and his book is heavy. He thought they were both Catholics.

From him Acton learned that Bryant was regarded as superior to Longfellow.

Harvard, unaided by the state, had large revenues, he thought, for a new (1638!) institution, with six hundred students. The literary society of Boston gave an impetus to the university, which could not afford to lag behind. The library was poor in the classics and hardly as good in American history as the British Museum. Of the faculty, Acton noted seevral. Professor Child, a poor boy, was educated at Harvard and Göttingen in preparation for the chair of rhetoric carrying a salary of 350 pounds. Sparks, an honest, laborious writer, devoid of talent and enjoying no great reputation, had retired to write history. Agassiz's valuable scientific collections were housed in a shed and he was compelled to lecture half the year in the South, so little interest was there in science. Bowen, the editor of the North American Review, was a professor of metaphysics. His attack on Kossuth, rather than his lack of preparation, prevented an appointment to the chair of history. Prescott proved so friendly that Acton could write:

He is the most agreeable man I have met in America. Everybody speaks highly of him. He is a Whig, but has always avoided politics.

Possessing a library of 5,000 volumes, Prescott, despite weak eyes, worked hard, and his volumes sold almost as well as Ticknor's, whose Spanish literature mounted to 7,000 copies. Well acquainted with Macaulay, Hume and Gibbon, but knowing no German, he was less familiar with continental historians.

The Harvard course of study Acton criticized in the following severe terms:

Nothing is studied for its own sake, but only as it will be useful in making a practical man; thus rhetoric is cultivated, as each may be called upon to speak in the course of his life, and indeed he is very likely to speak often without being called upon. Mathematics and certain of the sciences are pursued because they correspond to the utilitarian character of the country. There is no demand for learning. Thus hardly any Latin or Greek is read, and both are placed among the elective sciences as of little consequence . . . . The whole system is a cross between that of Germany and England. The studies are as languid as in England, and the discipline as loose as in Germany. Learning may become desirable some time or other; I should not wonder if this were to happen out of vanity; more men may have leisure after a time, and will be able to devote themselves to occupations which are their own reward. This is seldom the case now. . . These deficiencies are well known to members of the university, many of whom have studied in Germany.

A dinner with Charles Norton, a nephew of Ticknor's, James Russell Lowell and Longfellow, provided interesting notes. Of Longfellow there is an unusual picture:

He said nothing striking . . . . I suspect he borrows abundantly from the Germans . . . . He is very vain. I noticed that he spoke of Bryant to Lowell with a mild sneer, with a consciousness of unmeasurable superiority. There is no richness in his conversation. I think him disagreeable, certainly not equal to his reputation abroad, which, however, is much greater than that which he enjoys at home. Lowell is rated as clever, able and amusing.

Acton was a guest of Norton's at a state convention, whose intricacies were explained by no other than Charles Dana. The latter gained his good-will by speaking highly of Lord Granville without knowing of Acton's kinship. He was struck by a remark of Dana's which now passes as a truism:

The Revolution changed very little here. The old institutions were continued, only without the king. The old charters were very republican.

From Norton the traveler learned that Burke was read widely, as were Scott, Swift, Dryden and Thackeray. Of Macaulay's history over one hundred thousand copies were sold in the United States. Among leaders, he found that Hallam's Constitutional History and The Middle-Ages were extensively studied, for educated Americans were more familiar with British institutions than Englishmen with the history of the lost colonies. Literary works were pirated, though Everett seems to have drafted a recent copyright treaty with England. Everett is described as the finest classical scholar and about the best orator in public life, but a saddened man as his wife was at death's door through drink. It was his late brother, Alexander Everett, who made Carlyle known in America before he won fame in England. Dana is written down as a Puseyite, though his sister went the whole way and became a Catholic. Acton had been told by Carlisle that Sumner was the ablest American of his acquaintance, and he found him a superb conversationalist despite frequent Americanisms. Abolitionist views excluded him from élite Brahmin circles of the Boston cottonocracy, and its inter-related intellectuals. Most curiously Acton writes that the bishop at the time had some hopes of Sumner's conversion to Catholicism.

Finally Acton met some Catholics and that, too, without descending the social ladder. There commenced a close friendship with two mutual admirers, Bishop Fitzpatrick and Brownson:

These conversations with Brownson and Bishop Fitzpatrick were the first I had with Catholics, and had a great effect. I was very glad to meet with judgments founded on a surer basis, instead of party feeling or prejudice. Many things I had heard, read and fancied were overthrown, and perfectly new views took their place.

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Born poor, Fitzpatrick studied for the Church in Montreal and Paris. A keen observer of events, a sagacious judge of men, and a theologian, but less of a business man than Bishop Hughes, the bishop is:

> A real specimen of a kind of man whose existence I have always been inclined to doubt, who, without mingling in public life or gaining literary reputation, possesses greater abilities and wisdom than those who do.

He lived in a small house which was not closed to the neighboring poor, though he cared nothing for the Boston inner circle with its petty literary and commercial jealousies. Of Brownson, Acton saw little though they met again at Emittsburg, Maryland, when the former delivered a commencement address at Mount Saint Mary's Seminary.

Of education and literary men in New York little was written. A native of Back Bay would agree that little could be written. Yet Astor's princely gift of a library caught Acton's attention, rather than his accumulation of a huge fortune. There are numerous social notes. With unfeigned alarm, he accepted the invitation of Miss Norton to drive around Boston with her, and unchaperoned!

Unfortunately he did not go among the lowly, the immigrant laborers and the frontier farmers across the mountains. Hence he missed the Americans of the morrow, the nation in the making.

Fragment

Blessed Marye Moder of God
By the crosses foot hath stod
All daylong: at sette of sun
Cometh her new childe Seynt Jon:
"Moder Marye, get us home
Herefrom ere the prestès come!"
Alleluia!

Somwhile after that same path
Cometh Seynt Joseph Darimath,
Also that Nicodemus, hight
"Man that cam to Criste anight."
Ladres they brote and a shete
Most fayr for Cristes limmes mete.
Alleluia!

Up the lader first goth Jon.
"Lord, how colde Thy body is grone!
From the forehed to the fete
Nawhere mine hand can felen hete.
From the wund Thine herte beloe
Rones water where blod sholde flow."
Alleluia!

From His hands they pull the nale.
"Hede, or shall His Body falle!"
Crieth Seynt Jon: but falle not yet
Cristes hands where nale was set.
Though they losened ben they clove
Still to the Crosse by His grete love.
Alleluia! . . .

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

THE DUNGEON AND THE STARS

By VINCENT ENGELS

WE SLIPPED around the protecting last rock of Africa, a black shoulder against the evening sky, and the little ship pointed its nose straight north for Spain. Melilla to Malaga, twelve hours; thirty-five pesetas, second class. "You will find it very comfortable, sir; no other berth in your room has been given out. And the sale closes in five minutes." Thus the ticket agent, one of the two Melillans who spoke English, the other being the porter of the España, "beacoup travaillé garçon d'hôtel Firpo," so called because in addition to his English he also knew those four garbled words of French and because he looked like a South American prize fighter.

In the open Mediterranean the boat rocked gently, as though it were an adult cradle. Now that I was becoming drowsy, I remembered with content the promise of the ticket agent. And I remembered with amusement the porter, who too late had informed me, reproach in his voice, that he had intended to show me how, by means of a bribe to himself and to the cabin steward, I could have voyaged second class to Malaga on a third-class ticket. I surveyed the cramped space between the hatches where a few third-class passengers were huddled for the night, and I thought that I should be there among them now, despite the bribes, had I followed Firpo's advice.

So I went below, smiling, well pleased with myself; walked a long passageway, opened the cabin door, and—held my nose. There was a smell in that room: fetid, foul, muggy. I turned on the light and saw what had happened. On each of five berths was pitched a seasick Spaniard, each man fully dressed except for coat, hat and shoes. On a sixth, my own, they had piled their luggage, together with five pillows. I wondered why the pillows had been removed and why each man lay above the blankets, as though fearful of mussing the berth, until I realized that these men were voyagers who believed in the efficacy of bribes. I opened the port-hole with a great deal of effort, threw fifteen imaginary pesetas into the sea and began to remove the luggage and pillows from my berth.

The man nearest me moaned, sat upright, rubbed his eyes and grabbed his feet. I don't know what he said but I know what he meant. His feet were cold.

I had no mercy on him. The only rightful occupant of the cabin, I meant to enjoy my advantage. Suddenly the fellow leaped from the bed, his sickness forgotten, and lunged for the porthole. I put my back to it, pointed to his feet and made a gesture of holding my nose. With a howl he ran out the door, to reappear with the white-jacketed steward just as I was repeating my gesture to his four companions who were now all awake, all holding their feet and all screaming. I welcomed the steward with a smile. It was his duty to enforce my rights in that cabin, bribes or no bribes. He would not dare to risk his job.

But he did. He brushed me aside, closed the port-hole and left without a word. I followed him out, down the corridor, up the stairs, into the bar. Along the way I told him things. He did not know a word of English but he understood. Perfectly. When we reached the bar he laughed and offered me a drink. Then he pointed to the door. Men who wanted air should sleep outside.

So out I went. And because I wanted desperately to commune with other misery, I made for the hatches where the deck passengers were sprawled in many attitudes. A boy approached me. He asked a question. I gave him the cigarette.

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We sat down together and smoked out our problems more efficaciously than we could have talked them out. He was a nice boy. He smoked entirely too much for a youngster, but he was the best friend I had for a night.

Near twelve I noticed, almost with a shock, that the night was beautiful. I was prejudiced against it, but I felt obliged to admit at least this much. The stars were very low, very large and altogether sympathetic. Against them moved, in a dignified rhythm, the wireless mast of the ship, its top lost in the gloom, its arms taking on a soft, phosphorescent reflection from the lights of the cabins. I supposed that this peculiar luminescence could be explained—perhaps by the moisture on the wood—but I thought it very silly to try.

The air grew cold and my little friend crept back into the shelter of the hatches. I folded my arms closely about my chest but I could not keep from shivering—and I would not go within. The smelly cabin, of course, was impossible, but a man willing to compromise might have slept with some comfort on the leather benches of the combination bar and salon which served the second class. I stayed on, thinking with some amusement of the poem I had been reading when the boat first left Melilla:

"Step not out on the dew-dashed lawn
To view the Lady's chair.
Immense Orion's glittering form,
The Less and Greater Bear:
Stay in; to such sights we were drawn
When faded ones were fair."

Poor old poet! Being young, I could stand both the cold and the stars. Orion was a joy, not a troublesome reminder of happier times. I remember feeling very sorry for the man who had written those lines.

The book was still in my pocket. I moved over to catch the light which streamed from the open kitchen door, and read:

"When the present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay,
And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings
Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the neighbors say,
'He was a man who used to notice such things'?

"If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand at the door,
Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,
Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no more,
'He was one who had an eye for such mysteries'?"

I was still reading when, at dawn, the boat reached Malaga. With the book again in my pocket, I followed my luggage down the wharf and climbed into a cab. There I tossed the book (it was of rather clumsy proportions) into a bag. I did not look at it again until the other day.

Mad Boy's Song

The small activity of mice,
The velvet passing of a moth,
And one grey spider's cautious tread
Make thunder in this shed:
Where God has stored His tightened drum—
A mind inside a head!

LEO KENNEDY.

COMMUNICATIONS

MEDICAL CARE FOR EMPLOYEES

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor:—While the thought I would like to convey is by no means original, I am of the opinion that the manner of its application has never been considered generally, except in theory, but its adoption by a few activities would indicate beyond doubt the efficacy and practicability of the suggestion.

If every commercial and industrial enterprise, either under private control or government supervision, would provide for the services of a physician and surgeon to care for the employees, both by treatment and periodical examinations, I feel sure the benefit derived in promoting efficiency by creating a maximum of employment would prove of sufficient interest to make the practice self-supporting. This service should be allotted among several physicians, that a more equitable distribution might be provided and no individual physician's business should suffer by comparison with that of others.

It would also provide a saving to the employee, who must necessarily continue to be governed by the law of supply and demand in the matter of living costs. The present physician's rate, although not exorbitant or unreasonable, very often means a delay in soliciting medical service, sometimes even with fatal results.

So the concern and government would perform a humane and an economical act in providing the service of a physician and surgeon, as may be necessary, without cost to the employee.

The circumstance would still further react in a renewed interest in employment, with increased efficiency a resulting factor. This is not offered with a view to criticizing our physicians, who are a most worthy part of our social and economic life, and of splendid personality, but rather in a spirit of coöperation and helpfulness.

WILLIAM H. BASTION.

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS

Toledo, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—A few weeks ago your excellent editorial columns carried an expression of good-will and appreciation to the only Catholic daily in the United States.

This recognition of a humbler paper by one who holds the first rank as a lay editor in the United States, is most edifying and praiseworthy.

Both The Commonweal and the Daily American Tribune are entitled to the generous appreciation of every Catholic teacher. Both are performing the work of the apostolate of the Catholic press, at once the offensive and defensive weapon without which, declared Pius X, it is vain to found missions and build schools. Well may one exclaim, "Behold how these Christians love one another!"

The Commonweal has set to work in a truly Lenten mode to practise Christ's divine virtue of Christian charity.

May your grand apostolate of good example continue to grow with each succeeding issue.

SISTER MARY AGATHA, URSULINE.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

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POEMS

The Watchman

A watchman of dawn went walking by,
Walking beautifully through the glow;
Swinging his lantern along the sky,
Swinging it high and low.

I heard his voice in my faraway dreams,
Calling clearly, "All's well, arise!"
Turning his lantern he flashed its gleams
Into my sleepy eyes.

Swiftly I hurried, as dreamers will,
Trying to hide from its searching light;
Losing my treasures by lake and hill,
Plunder of dreams and night.

I woke, and saw he had gone his way,
Leaving his lantern behind in the sky,
Its light went out as a watchman of day
Came jauntily striding by.

EDNA JUDSON WILDE.

Bittersweet

Could I uproot you from my fruitful heart
And in your place plant new and lovelier flowers,
Heartsease would grow and sweet elysium start
And all the roses born of summer hours.

But not this spring shall spicy blossoms twine
On my heart's trellis, nor new blooms strike root.
For I must cherish this old withered vine,
This bittersweet with its dry-rotted fruit—

Lest I should learn too late new sap had run
Into your shriveled stalks, and find you lying
Uprooted, under the uncaring sun—
Alive and dying.

ELIZABETH CASE.

Now She Is Quiet

Now she is quiet—what does it matter
How the end came? A head on a platter
Brought death to a saint and a cross gave a thief
Entrance to Paradise—what if a grief
Were greater than courage? Let speech be denied—
Nothing else matters except that she died.

Never a bud now nor leaf on a tree,
Nor white wind of April, but dolorously
Questions her going—O wind, tree and leaf,
What if a courage were less than a grief?
Wan ghost of April that circles the hill
Where they have buried her—say she lies still.

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN.

Triumphs

When he was old and greatness
Was just another care,
The man forgot his triumphs
Remembering despair.

And, though wealth-servile mighty
To gain his smile were fain,
He lived in a lost April
Along an ancient lane,

Where hair, that was more golden
Than April, veiled the shy,
Brave gypsy eyes, whose laughter
His fairings failed to buy.

Forgetting all his triumphs,
He dreamed of one defeat
Long Aprils gone . . . for sorrow,
Age-mellowed, savors sweet.

JOHN HANLON.

The Canterbury Pilgrims

The Canterbury Pilgrims journey still
Along old England's merry country ways,
On many a hedged lane and dewy hill,
Through many a wood where sunny April lays
Her fingers on the green of twinkling leaves,
And laughs within the throstle's delicate note;
Or, where the copse its emerald bosom heaves,
Lets fall the flower jewels that deck her throat;
Where buds are clinging to the orchard trees,
Where larks leap up with notes as liquid gold
As are the sun's rays slanting on the leas,
Or cold rain glistening in a marigold.
And through the glittering trees at break of day
I see the pilgrim's motley glad array.

SISTER MARIS STELLA.

The Cottage Revisited

Hard by the door the rowans grew;
Pale vines spread tendrils on the floor.
I said, "We'll go and come no more."

The broken panes that we looked through
Showed nothing as it was before;
Hard by the door the rowans grew;
Pale vines spread tendrils on the floor.

I said, " 'Twas here my soul first knew
Those things that human hearts deplore;
I will not pass this guarded door."
Hard by the door the rowans grew;
Pale vines spread tendrils on the floor.
I said, "We'll go and come no more."

CHARLOTTE EATON.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Our Betters

UNFORTUNATELY I cannot share the very general enthusiasm about the play which Somerset Maugham wrote some years ago and which has recently been quite brilliantly revived at the Henry Miller Theatre with a cast headed by Ina Claire. Although it is by no means a short play, it really contains only enough solid material for a one-act sketch and the conversational padding is hardly brilliant enough to prevent long stretches of boredom between the occasional flashes of fine satirical wit.

It is, as most people know by this time, a study of expatriated Americans living in London. Among the characters are three heiresses who have purchased titles and an Anglicized American whose most characteristic comment begins "You Americans who live in America—." Lady George Grayston (Ina Claire) has a husband somewhere who never appears upon the scene, and a very conspicuous lover, Arthur Fenwick, who plays the host at her week-end parties and endows her with sufficient worldly goods to maintain her position of purchased leadership in London society. The Duchesse de Surennes (Constance Collier) likewise has an absent husband and purchases the companionship of a worthless young Englishman some twenty years her junior. To point the possible moral of the play, there are three characters of somewhat different views: an American who married an Italian prince to satisfy her starved sense of romance and has since faced her disillusionment bravely and without recourse to intrigue; Elizabeth Saunders (Madge Evans) Lady Grayston's younger sister, and Fleming Harvey (Edward Crandall) an American boy indulging in his first experiences of the London atmosphere.

Of course there is also a penniless English lord who is alleged to be as much in love with Elizabeth Saunders personally as with her money. His is about the only well-balanced character in the play, especially as interpreted with great sincerity by Martin Walker. Elizabeth Saunders, Fleming Harvey and the princess, standing for the shocked idealism of the noble American continent, are really quite impossible portraits of naïve sentimentality. Fleming and the princess, for example, have a long duet about the radiant beauties of Fifth Avenue in April. Mr. Maugham seems to regard the upstanding young American in much the same way that Easterners once regarded the alleged heroes of the great West. There is much moralizing about the motives which bring Americans to England for permanent residence, about their shocking snobbishness once they have settled there, and about the cynical use which the British themselves make of American money. This general exposé is all carefully planted, arranged with much precision, and on a few occasions with certain dramatic effect. But for the most part it is rather dull comment, showing precious little understanding of real American character, and made palatable for a sophisticated audience chiefly by the rather raw situations which it uses as object lessons.

So far I have been speaking of the play only. The acting deserves rather happier words. Miss Claire is one of the most incisive actresses on the stage today. She handles herself and her lines with a sureness and a brilliancy that at once raise even commonplace dialogue to the point of piquant interest. The accent which she has assumed for the purpose of this play is extraordinarily faithful to the affected modulations of the American long resident in London. It has just that tinge of counterfeit which would make an English audience chuckle with delight. Miss Claire, utterly dominating a group of stupid people, or in a genuine tantrum with her younger sister, or playing upon the colossal vanity of Arthur Fenwick, is always completely at home, conveying the full illusion of reality even when you know that the lines of the play itself are as hollow as a drum. Constance Collier also contributes an amusing, if somewhat revolting, portrait of the duchess. For the rest, the entire cast is admirable, the only trouble being that it is wasted upon so pretentious and boring a play. Our Betters is little more than a collection of balanced epigrams, amusing curtain lines and complacent and irritating efforts by an English author to interpret American character. (At Henry Miller's Theatre.)

The Behavior of Mrs. Crane

THE bald fact is that Mrs. Crane behaved rather badly, both as a play and as an acting company, with the notable exception of the star, Margaret Lawrence. The story of this play is inane enough to suit the mind of almost any sophisticate. Mrs. Crane's husband, Elliott, wants her to grant him a divorce so that he can marry a certain adventuress named Myra Spaulding. To the amazement of her friends, Mrs. Crane pretends to be quite amiable about the request, imposing as one condition, however, that Elliott and Myra find her a new husband. They set about to do this by bringing to the house a long string of eligibles, whom Mrs. Crane rejects one by one. Her real object, supposedly, is to maintain the status quo long enough for her husband to discover exactly what kind of woman he is planning to marry before the whole affair becomes irrevocable. Then, upon the scene appears a rich young Apollo from Cuba, with whom Mrs. Crane promptly and unexpectedly falls in love. Myra, too, falls in love with his money, thus permitting Elliott to discover his mistake. But too late—because his wife will not now return to him and decides to marry the Cuban sugar hero instead.

This twaddle drags on for three acts. Its ethics, of course, are simply those of legalized free love, and aside from one rather amusing scene in which Mrs. Crane and Myra fight a verbal duel in the presence of the fatuous Elliott, the play has no value even as an acting vehicle. Margaret Lawrence quite wastes her talents on it—also, we might add, her sense of judgment. (At Erlanger's Theatre.)

Hedda Gabler on Fourteenth Street

EMILY STEVENS, surrounded by a group of fine actors, including the incomparable Dudley Digges as Tesman, projected Ibsen's Hedda Gabler across the footlights in a flame of neurotic emotion. It was a memorable performance whether you agreed with it as an interpretation or not. It was a distinctly theatrical performance in not quite the best meaning of that word—for it smacked of purposely emotional acting, of calculated effects and of perfectly timed climaxes. Miss Le Gallienne and her company at the Civic Repertory Theatre give a totally different rendering, from which emerges a play

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of far deeper ironic humor, with characters much closer to believable types and the illusion of almost matter-of-fact reality. Of the two productions, Miss Le Gallienne's somehow breathes more fully. It is less spectacular, less tortured, yet not a whit less dramatic.

Miss Le Gallienne has selected most of her cast shrewdly. Paul Leyssac is a very fine Tesman, less perfect, perhaps, in details of stage business than Dudley Digges, but achieving a final result just a shade more sincere. Alma Kruger as Aunt Julia Tesman never descends to caricature. She is too fine an artist for that, and too much alive to the final comment Ibsen wishes to make on Hedda. For, unless I totally misread the play, Hedda delights in martyrdom just as long as she finds it a weapon for power. It would have disappointed her greatly to have no targets for her boredom and annoyance. Hence a real and understandable Aunt Julia and a real Tesman merely point up the neurotic unreality of Hedda's imaginary grievances.

Josephine Hutchinson is by no means the equal of Patricia Collinge as Mrs. Elvstead. The character is a difficult one and not very clearly delineated in the play itself. Somehow, one should feel that Hedda is envious of far more than her curly hair—envious, in fact, of nothing less than her creative power. For it is Hedda's self-love that blocks her own ability to create or stimulate creativeness in others. Mrs. Elvstead must seem to be far more than a good and sympathetic listener to men's dreams. To give the play its full richness, she must be as deeply creative in personality as Hedda is destructive. Miss Hutchinson makes her merely pathetic, which is not enough.

Donald Cameron's Eilert Lovborg is forthright but without any fine edges of distinction—not quite the man whose book on the world's future would promise a sensation, not quite the fiery weakling whose pricked egotism and sense of traitorous failure would impel him to thoughts of spectacular suicide. But Cameron's is an adequate and sincere performance. Sayre Crawley, as Judge Brack, is the only actor who seems entirely miscast—one of the necessary penalties, perhaps, of a repertory company. He expresses neither the elastic middle age nor the sinister suavity of Ibsen's Judge. His malevolence borders dangerously on benevolence.

Miss Le Gallienne's Hedda is, I think, a masterpiece—although most of the newspaper critics seem to have felt otherwise. It is a performance of deceptive naturalness, so well thought out that not a single irony fails to make its point with the audience. As Miss Le Gallienne plays Hedda, you can read her mind at any instant like a book of large, clear type. No invented subtleties here—merely a bold and uncompromising study of boredom, self-love, lust for mental power and a bitter humor. You see Tesman, Aunt Julia and Mrs. Elvstead through her eyes. You understand perfectly why they annoy or exasperate her, and you laugh with her cruel sallies. But you do so without giving her the least sympathy. You understand her so well that you take her for just what she is and expect no more.

It must always be a temptation to play Hedda glamorously. Certainly Emily Stevens utterly forgot the "cold, unruffled repose" of Ibsen's stage directions in favor of an abounding nervous energy amounting to distortion. Miss Le Gallienne, with fine fidelity to the author's intention, presents us with a Hedda whose only glamor is the distinction of breeding, an unlovely though graceful character, the epitome of potential charm utterly burned out by inordinate love of herself. To repeat, Miss Le Gallienne achieved a subtle and deceptively simple masterpiece. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

BOOKS

The Norseland Saga

History of the Norwegian People, by Knut Gjerset. New York: The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $5.00.

HERE is the standard history of the Norwegian people in two volumes of closely concatenated fact, with the assumption of complete scholarship presenting the story of the foundations, constitutions and achievements of the people of Norway: it is the work of Knut Gjerset, Doctor in Philosophy and Letters of the University of Heidelberg and Professor of History in Luther College, Decorah, Iowa.

Dr. Gjerset gives generous acknowledgment of the Irish culture and customs that were adopted by the Norse invaders and conquerors of Ireland, although he makes two blunders. He speaks of the low estate of women in primitive Erin, when on the contrary he should know that the status of women in the Gaelic country was higher at the given time than elsewhere in Europe; he also errs when in discussing Irish poetry he states that it was uncontrolled. A glance over the pages of Douglas Hyde's Literary History of Ireland would have taught him a very different story: if there was a fault in the ancient Irish bards it was noticeably in the over-intricate character of their prosodies and the quite oriental elaborations of their favorite modes.

It is not surprising to find Dr. Gjerset accepting the Anglican contentions regarding the early Christianity that had come across from Ireland in the wandering saints and missionaries who converted so large a part of northern Europe, and we are left in a delightful state of uncertainty regarding the character of the efforts of the great Norwegian King Haakon in the tenth century to introduce Christianity as the state religion of his realm. The crusading spirit of King Saint Olav is also left somewhat in the air under this genial Protestant system of referring to papal edicts as the mere suggestions and persuasions of early Popes, of treating the Anglo-Saxon Church as an independent organization, and of implying a national jurisdiction in Christianity quite alien from the spirit and intentions of the early saints and founders.

The story of Erik the Red and his son, Leif Erikson, claimed on good ground as the earliest discoverer of our American continent, gives a reference to Erik, who "continued to worship an old polar bear staying in the neighborhood of Brattahlid, while his son Erik received a commission from King Olav Tryggvason to return and convert the people of Greenland." There was a bishop of Greenland ordained in Lund as early as 1124: of Leif's journey to Labrador there is a careful discussion, resulting in the finding that whatever the truth about it may be, there was certainly some connection between the Norsemen and the Indians some five hundred years before the discoveries of Columbus.

King Saint Olav Haraldsson was born toward the end of the tenth century and was baptized, according to Norse traditions, at the age of three at Ringerike, according to Norman chronicles, much later at Rouen. Early in life he went on viking expeditions to Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Holland, England, Normandy, Portugal and Spain, where, awaiting the winds that were to carry him to the Holy Land, he was warned in a vision, so the legends say, to return and claim the crown of Norway. The final step in Saint Olav's organization of the Church was to submit Norway to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Archbishop Unvan of Bremen, Germany. The king met his death in battle at Stiklestad, Norway, in 1030. "Those

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who had opposed Olav the king now willingly bent the knee before Olav the saint: his name became the rallying cry of patriots: his great work and still greater sacrifice for his high ideals had united all hearts. . . . " In 1255 his status as a saint in the universal Church was decreed by Pope Alexander VI.

Toward the middle of the thirteenth century, Harald Sigurdsson Haardraade, returning from years of service under the emperors of Constantinople, had become king of Norway. "He severed all connections with Archbishop Adalbert, received bishops from the Greek Church, and maintained friendly relations with Byzantium. The Norwegian bishops were no longer consecrated by the Archbishop of Bremen, but in Rome, England, France, or in the Orient. Archbishop Adalbert protested to Pope Alexander II against Harald's flagrant disregard of the authority of the Archbishop over the Church of Norway and the Pope wrote a letter reprimanding the king. Adalbert also sent messengers to Harald to protest against his course of action and threatened him with ban and other punishments, but Harald replied: 'I know of no archbishop in Norway except myself, King Harald.' " Dr. Gjerset makes much of this declaration and thereupon indulges himself with his views regarding national churches and "the bondage of the northern countries to the 'Spouse of Christ.' "

"The year 1152 is a great date in the history of Norway. For hundreds of years it was referred to in saga and legend as 'the year in which Nicholas the Cardinal came to Norway.' Breakspeare, who had been made Cardinal and titular Bishop of Albano, was that year sent by Eugenius II as papal legate to Norway. He removed the Norwegian Church from the overlordship of the foreign Archbishop (of Lund, then a Danish see) placing it directly under Rome, thus recognizing it as an equal in dignity with the churches of other nations in universal Christendom. . . .

"Shortly after Cardinal Breakspear's return to Rome he was elected to the Papacy. Of him the great Icelandic historian of the thirteenth century, Snorri Sturluson, wrote in his Sagas of the Kings of Norway: 'There never came a foreigner to Norway whom all men respected so highly, or who could govern the people so well as he did. After some time he returned to the south with many friendly presents, and declared ever after that he was the greatest friend of the people of Norway. According to the report of men who went to Rome in his days, he had never any business, however important, to settle with other people, but he would break it off to speak with the Norsemen who desired to see him—he is now considered a saint.' "

Dr. Gjerset's account continues: "This very year, 1925, four centuries after the Reformation, from a land where only one in a thousand of the population belongs to the Roman Catholic Church, Norsemen have gone in pilgrimage to Rome to pay tribute to the memory of the Pope whose pride it was to be known as the best friend of Norway. The ceremonies in June at Abbots Langley were anticipated on a much more elaborate and imposing scale in Rome on February 6. There was then unveiled in the crypt of Saint Peter's a tablet which will be seen by countless pilgrims in this jubilee year, bearing a Latin inscription enumerating the acts and virtues of Pope Adrian IV. The tablet, which is affixed to a pillar near the granite tomb that contains the remains of this Pontiff, bears also the arms of the kingdom of Norway, the city of Trondjhem and the cathedral of Nidaros. It is the gift of the Royal Society of Sciences, of Trondjhem. The Norwegian minister in Rome, Herr Irgens, and the legation staff occupied seats of honor at the ceremonies, and under their diplomatic titles and in their official capacity were introduced to the representatives of the Curia. The Danish and Swedish ministers were also in attendance, thus manifesting the fraternal spirit which today marks, as never before, the relations of the Scandinavian sister countries, at the same time recognizing that it was Norway's day. . . . "

Certain restraints are being placed upon the people of Norway through the desperate activities of the declining state church to stem the national defection from Lutheranism. The growth of free churches, and, in particular, the power of the Methodists, have been factors in these prohibitions and suppressions. In the grievous controversy that raged around Oslo during the past year, when a Catholic bogy was arraigned by Martha Steinvik and Pastor Neumann, it transpired that the Norwegian people as a whole were unacquainted with the full history of the founder of their Church, Martin Luther, as was shown in the correspondence of the converted Norwegian novelist, the great Sigrid Undset, in the columns of the Oslo Aftenblat.

We are indebted to Dr. Gjerset for a finely balanced and detailed history of the politics, wars and industries of his noble people of the North; our annotations on his history may be regarded as kindly aperçus upon the Lutheran scene and mentality of today.

THOMAS WALSH.

Salvaged Dogma

Principles and Precepts, by Hastings Rashdall. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.25.

THIS volume of sermons and essays may help the Catholic apologist to give more actuality to his own work. Occasionally Catholic apologetics concerns itself with refutation of Protestant formulae which are even more heartily condemned by some of the descendants of their framers. Besides being a mere plowing of the sands, this method robs the positive side of Catholic presentation of much of its persuasiveness. The Bishop of Oxford and the author of Principles and Precepts have repeatedly rejected the sixteenth-century innovation which declared that "the Bible and the Bible alone is the full religion of Christ," and pleading a new reformation, endeavor to restate the Protestant position. We must confess that it is difficult to find Dr. Rashdall's exact theological bearings. This present collection reveals a Protestantism balanced none too securely between a traditional devotion to Christ and an eager, though conservative, acceptance of modernism.

On the other hand, some effective lines of argument against non-Christian fallacies, outlined by Dr. Rashdall, may prove suggestive to the Catholic reader. Thus the criticism of the psychology of religious experience is particularly well done and admits of further development along Catholic lines. There is no such thing as one single distinctive religious experience. Dr. Rashdall rightly insists that it is ridiculous to attempt to treat as one and the same thing the emotions of an ancient Greek performing a wildly orgiastic dance in honor of the wine-god, the emotions of a modern dancing Arab dervish, the mental state of a Hindu mystic or of a Buddhist attempting to extinguish all desire, and that of a Christian sincerely endeavoring to build up a kingdom of God consisting in a society of men who love one another in Christ. Further, each kind of religious experience presupposes a theory of the universe, and in consequence varies in its character according to the nature of the elements which constitute that theory.

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It should also be added that if by religious experience is meant, as is usually the case, subjective emotion, this surely cannot afford an adequate explanation of the wide prevalence of reasoned religious belief. The attempt of William James to extract an element common to all religious experience leaves a residuum so scanty that it has no value as a basis of any intellectual creed, and is no help at all for the personal religious and moral life. It is only by arbitrary and violent suppressions that a reduction of all the religions of mankind to forms of one and the same fundamental belief or to expressions of the same ethical ideal, can be made even respectably plausible.

The well-meaning but fatal compromises made by Dean Rashdall in his sermon on the reconciliation of determinism with the Christian scheme of morality are very distressing. Two sermons on property will make the Catholic grateful for the inheritance so richly developed from Saint Thomas by Saurez and De Lugo. The lofty piety and the thoughtful earnestness of Dr. Rashdall's pages show little reason for the ambiguous assurance given by the writers of the preface to his book who insist emphatically that "the Dean was a convinced Christian"; the implication is unhappily only too just when directed to his readiness to jettison traditional doctrine at the first challenge of modern criticism.

J. A. McERLEAN.

Line and Color

Old Masters and Modern Art: the National Gallery, France and England, by Sir Charles Holmes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $6.50.

TO READ Sir Charles Holmes is a delightful privilege. In the first place he writes so well—with that lucidity, precision and elegance which, although not affectedly Gallic, is much admired by him in French painting. And in the second place, this latest book by the director of the National Gallery, if by necessity cursorily thin in description, is rich in outlook. Too definitely a worshiper of the old masters of representation and design to accord great sympathy to the extreme intellectual research for beauty characterizing our abstract modernists, he does not fail to discuss their methods, albeit tersely—perhaps this is a relief—with point and insight.

Sir Charles may rest assured that the good taste which informs very nearly each line of his book, indeed of his books on the National Gallery paintings of which this is the third, will not be unappreciated today. Not that Sir Charles feels that art has gone to the modernist dogs—far from it—but that he is genuinely interested in a way that not every painter, curator or drawing master of the past has been, in form, color and design; and never was there an age in which the layman was more competent, because more educated, to understand them than he is today.

The content is divided between the French and the British schools almost evenly. Sir Charles is pessimistic over the march of English painting, unheralded and unmarketed by official dealers as it is, in contradistinction to advertised French art, and he veritably asks the question, as we may paraphrase it from the New Statesman, "Qui nous délivrera des français?" But the author sees black. If, in his opinion, dealers are not doing their bit for British art, the galleries are—noteworthily the Tate. Certainly Britains receive as good propaganda abroad as, for example, Italians; and modern New York is an open sesame to the aspirations of painters of any race whatsoever.

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An Appeal From Scotland

Lady Anne Kerr is interesting herself in a night shelter in Edinburgh for Catholic women and girls. She appeals especially to friends far away to remember the needs of the homeless in that city. Many women and girls, and a large number of them Catholics, are constantly drifting into the town, where, without home or friends, and often in dire need for food and clothing, they are exposed to the dangers of temptations of the streets. The shelter, which has been named "Providence House" has been founded in order to provide protection for such women until an adequate home or employment can be found for them.

Lady Anne Kerr feels that her countrymen in distant lands may be glad of the opportunity to send some help, however small, to assist her in this work. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by—

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One of them, which is very plausible, that Poussin's was a double nature of which warm-blooded paganism formed at least half, runs counter to Clutton-Brock's brilliant essay that would transform Poussin into a model of frigid and cynical asceticism. Another, that Claude "contributed far more than is commonly supposed to Poussin's ideas about landscape," would be general knowledge if every student of art had before him wash-drawings of the two masters. And so, one aperçu bewails that the romantic, but not of need pathetic, mantle of Watteau fell never squarely upon the two temperaments most suited to carry it—Monticelli's and Conder's; while another mentions—as where else has really been mentioned?—Manet's unfailing quality, his great vitality that was due to painting his subjects alla prima.

As to England, Sir Charles, noticing how queer it is that the English cannot be said to possess an integrated school as the French, Dutch, or Italians have had, but only great individuals here and there (in this respect much like Spanish painting) pays long-withheld and pretty tribute to Richard Wilson and Alfred Stevens, and to Constable and Gainsborough, the first landscapists who were not static painters.

But his fullest pages are extended to Claude and Poussin, Reynolds and Turner, Manet and Whistler—there is also a necessary chapter on the influence of the Japanese—but he explains that this fullness of treatment is very natural on account of their importance, and that the lacunae of other names are not invidious. One's impression that the gamut of the subject has been run is nevertheless complete.

His criticism throughout is austere and spare, neither wasting nor mincing words. As a painter and a Slade school disciple, he analyzes pictures expertly. That is, he judges the painting qua painting, speaking easily of the brushwork and of its aid or hindrance to the dignity and the substance at which the artist should and may have aimed. For if, in the sense known to Pater, literary appreciation is lacking of the pictures here passed in review, an appreciation of the memories, learned or otherwise, that conjoin with them, Sir Charles, after all, being a museum director, is more concerned with the ironies of the history of painting than with esoteric mental associations.

Perhaps it is just that interest which is responsible for his broadmindedness. He is distrustful of the aesthetic philosopher prescribing a school or a style, he is bored especially by the modern gospel of Paris-aping cosmopolitanism in which he sees the death of all racially conscious art and he longs for a Colbert come to judgment to manage the hitherto absent British publicity of art.

However, Sir Charles is only heroically infected by the Briton's post-war fear of race submergence. What he, in effect, demands of art, is psychological competence on the part of the artist—sensitiveness to life. There is no canon of ideal beauty; there are only new and always differing forms of loveliness. This sentence, which occurs in Sir Charles's Notes on the Science of Picture Making, will, thoroughly digested, lead the artist to express just what is proper to and essential in his subject. "How mighty," Sir Charles would say with Santayana, "is any technical medium, and how varied are the methods of pure composition: none compulsory and none illegitimate, if only they minister to the life which intuition draws from nature, but enjoys for its own sake." Thus the author asks for nothing so much as freedom—freedom, that is, from slavery to any single theory of the arts.

JAMES WARREN LANE, JR.

Father and Friend

The Old Nick, by F. W. Bronson. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

NOT since The Interpreter's House, by Struthers Burt, have familiar places of New York and its suburbs been so indued with personality and mellow beauty as in Mr. Bronson's novel of contemporary life, The Old Nick. Mr. Bronson has been able to invest the setting of his book—Long Island and the city of New York—with an atmosphere of grace and leisure more often found in novels of English life than that of America. Memorable pictures of sand and sea and windswept, sunlit days, fleeting views of a humming city of many towers, wistful glimpses of New Haven through the eyes of old Nick, are the scenic drops for the action.

In the portrait of The Old Nick, Mr. Bronson has done a fine and subtle piece of characterization, and his other characters, with one exception, are sketched with sympathy and discernment. He has, besides, presented in a human and appealing way, a very vital problem.

The story is an arresting one of a modern American family, viewed through the eyes of a father who is called upon to be monitor and confidant to his three sons after the death of their mother. Craving more than any other gift the affection and confidence of his children, Old Nick spends himself generously in their interest. He enters upon his task with certain self-imposed traditions. He would not meddle in their lives—"Youth must go it alone. The ones with guts, the ones worth while, wish to fight their own dragons, slay them or be slain, without help . . . ." Gradually, however, Nicholas Lord is forced to accept the fact that his sons are content to have him slay their dragons; youth has neither wish nor power to handle the shining blade. So with each in turn, Old Nick picks up the pieces of their lives and tries to re-assemble a pattern. Even so, he will hold their affection and companionship. And yet in the end, it is Nicholas Lord who is left quite alone, his largesse come to naught.

Charming, lovable, living life with grace and courage, why does Nicholas Lord fail? Is it that in his keen desire for their affection, he fails his sons in the wisdom that builds grit? Is it that no one in the story draws upon spiritual strength outside himself? Is it that Nicholas Lord saves his children from the consequences of their acts?

There is another question. Why is Nicholas Lord, impoverished in heart and in substance, so curiously undefeated? Is "how good is life, the mere living," the theme of the book?

MONICA D. RYAN.

Lonely Diplomats

Adventures in American Diplomacy, by Alfred L. P. Dennis. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00.

THE man in the front-line trenches during the world war was not expected to know very much of why he was there; exchange of opinion on the subject in some all too brief moment of relaxation covered a wide field of improbabilities. G. H. Q. opinion in its Olympian majesty was beyond guessing, unless one happened to know a brass hat, in which case one did not always care to hazard a guess.

So it was too in that period of American association with the world war of expansion, from 1896 to 1906, chosen by Mr. Dennis for the subject of his Adventures in American Diplomacy. There too the man in the front-line trenches of Ameri-

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can diplomacy stood alone, and like the civilian in arms of the world war, totally inexperienced. He had no contact whatever with his next neighbor. He had no contact with G. H. Q. in the State Department. He had to make up his own mind what was happening about him and to act accordingly for what he thought were the best interests of the United States. He simply held his post by force of inertia or developed his surroundings (and himself, by crowding experience) as happened to be his nature, and in the end both kinds were edged out to be replaced by the new corps of experts trained at home, with no experience of trial and error, but well equipped with field telephones running back to headquarters, out of which has grown the present secretarial "career" corps.

Yet there were generals back of the line. Cleveland, Olney, Roosevelt and John Hay, and that rock of refuge A. A. Adee, "permanent" Assistant Secretary, the only one who had a personal continuity, through forty years of keen, profound and yet very humorous and kindly observation of men and events. The generals were concerned with policies; nowhere with the man at the front, of whose existence they were unaware unless he happened to be a protégé. The American people were only dimly conscious that having set their faces to the West for the best part of a century, paying, the while, some vague Secretary of State to keep Europe off their backs, they were now obliged to take stock of the trust they had delegated to others.

It is that decade which Mr. Dennis treats, and the renaissance of America's understanding contact with the great policies of the world, although the lack of first-hand material from which to reconstruct it is perfectly amazing. American policies, and corollaries of protective dogma ("certum est" from "est de fide") were hammered hot from individual anvils in several cases, with "infallibility" more complete than ever was claimed by any Pope in matters of religion. Mr. Dennis, political theologian, sits down to "distinguish" between the definitions of this period and to recapitulate in orderly and striking fashion a series of momentous decisions and events crowding those ten years of which each, as he truly says, presents material for a separate book. It is a pity that the printers did not make of it a more attractive volume.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Essays in Retrospect

The Plurality of Worlds and Other Essays, by Thomas Hughes; compiled by M. G. Chadwick. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.00.

THIS book contains thirteen essays on various subjects ranging from a discussion of the historical backgrounds of Free Masonry through evolution and experimental psychology to the Papacy. The essays were published originally thirty-five to forty years ago, for reprinting which the editor affirms that "no apology is needed." Written in a brilliant, cultivated style, they present viewpoints to some extent outgrown, and arguments which betray at times the special pleader, not the severely scientific historian which Father Hughes has since become. In my opinion, these republished articles will add little to the high position quite generally accorded the author of The History of the Society of Jesus in North America.

The volume takes its name from an essay which treats of the theological and metaphysical difficulties involved in the view that worlds other than this globe are inhabited by rational creatures. The problem is other-worldly, in more senses than one, a type of speculation far removed from present-day,

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philosophical interests and not likely to arouse fierce opposition, no matter which side of the question is defended. And this is written despite the editor's firm belief that this particular essay "must always be of first importance."

One approaches the chapter entitled "The Serio-Comic in the Vatican Archives" with great expectancy, with the hope of learning many interesting and curious things. I am sorry to say that the reader will be disappointed. If there exists a treasure trove of historical and literary curiosità in the world, it is in the Vatican library. Father Hughes knows the documents, but seems strangely adverse to citing them. He synthesizes, generalizes and moralizes when what we want are not editorial comments but the exact words of the writers themselves. He tells us that in the documents "whatever is strange and abnormal—that abounds. Strange and peculiar persons—they come to the front." The essay does not tell us much about these strange people and strange things.

The strictures of the author on experimental psychology and the science of education will sound odd to many today. These sciences, in the early nineties, were just beginning to develop. Their adherents made many serious mistakes as everyone knows. However, all concede that they have at last achieved a secure place in the framework of the sciences. Ironic references to psychology and to education do not help the growth of these sciences; neither do they serve to protect philosophy from the bad logic of the extreme school of experimentalists.

JAMES H. RYAN.

The Nomad Abbé

Travels in Tartary, by the Abbé Evariste-Regis Huc. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

THE Abbé Huc was one of that great and goodly number of intrepid missionaries who have, since the earliest times, devoted their lives to the saving of souls. He was born in 1813, entered the Lazarist order in 1839, went out to China and stayed there until 1852. During the course of his life in the far East he undertook a journey with another missioner, Père Gabet, which covered the greater part of the then Chinese empire. It is with the first part of this journey that the Travels in Tartary are concerned; another work, The Chinese Empire, related the experiences of the return trip from Lhassa. Père Huc has a third work to his credit, which was also translated into English, Christianity in China, Tartary and Tibet. All three, but especially the two former, are of absorbing interest.

As much cannot be said of this edition of the Travels in Tartary. It is a condensed version of the first volume of the original work; the condensation has been wretchedly done. Apparently M. Ardenne de Tizac, on whom the publishers lay all responsibility, was chiefly concerned with making the work lose all semblance of unity; he carefully omits connective passages, so that the narrative becomes a series of incidents vaguely strung together. What is gained by this I cannot see, for the actual number of pages saved is very scant. A far better job was done by Mr. M. Jones, who first condensed the work.

The publishers in choosing the translation of W. Hazlitt might also have done far better; that by Mrs. Percy Sinnett at least does not mistranslate a simple preposition in the first sentence (in this text) thereby throwing a whole paragraph into confusion. Nor, in spite of not having a famous father, does she render "pendant que," "pending," thereby begetting a rather peculiar English idiom.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Briefer Mention

Letters of Richard Wagner; selected and edited by Wilhelm Altmann; translated by M. M. Bozman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $10.00.

IT IS further proof of the value of Dent's International Library of Books on Music that it now includes a competent English version of Altmann's indispensable volume. This has earned its important place in Wagnerian literature because it is the only practicable selection from that extensive and varied correspondence with which the "master" favored his friends, and which has since been enshrined between quite diverse covers. Altmann claimed to have kept the development of Wagner "as a creative artist" firmly in mind as the thread upon which to string the separate epistolary beads. In this he seems to have been successful, although it is hard to believe his assertion that the letters afford a better autobiography than Mein Leben. Wagner probably never achieved a detached view of his personality or work; certainly the present letters are frequently most theatrical in tone. They do enable one to see, however, the difficulties against which he struggled, his gradual climb to success and the unfolding of his musical and artistic convictions. He had a plethora of distinguished correspondents. These two carefully edited and printed volumes constitute a musical and psychological classic indispensable to the contemporary lover of art.

Saint François d' Assise et les Fioretti. 10 francs; Sept Comédies du Moyen Age. 10 francs. Paris: Editions Spes.

THE gracious and gifted Abbé Felix Klein, noted long since for his love of children and young people, is now serving as the editor of a series of volumes designed to supply good reading for the "beginner." The Collection des Fleurs et des Fruits includes one shelf of books intended for those under twelve years of age, and another calculated to satisfy those slightly more advanced in years. Both volumes named above belong to the second category. One is an attractive reprint of Ozanam's version of the Fioretti, and contains in addition to a preface by the Abbé Klein a fine account of Ozanam by Lacordaire. We suggest that the book (which ought, perhaps, to be ordered bound) is excellent reading for the young student of French. The style is first-rate, the page is attractive and the work itself is, of course, a classic. Sept Comédies du Moyen Age reprints a number of those joyous farces which mediaeval people used to find so entertaining. They are still enjoyable and, besides that, supply much information about the manners of an olden time. Here also is a good book. We congratulate the editor and hope he will find many interested readers in the United States.

Tokens, by Father Jerome. Cedar Rapids: The Torch Press.

FATHER JEROME, O. S. B. has evidently loved his John Banister Tabb and thrilled with the succinct loveliness of poems he would reproduce in his own brief stanzas to the Madonna. In the amiable sheaf of his Tokens we find many evidences of this affection, devotion, cleverness and aptness of expression. Some striking fancies illuminate the collection as one example—Verba Sacerdotis—will show:

"You placed Him in a manger;
I cradle Him in chalice.
No welcome could be stranger
To One who left a palace."

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

The annals and personalities of the dramatic stage and the musical platform are among the most interesting kinds of history and reminiscence that our books afford us. Charming old notes have been written regarding the English and French stage, and there is a great wealth of material in Italian and German theatrical literature only partly developed in our language, and a body of information regarding the really important Spanish drama that is as yet almost untouched even in Spain itself.

The appearance of Otis Skinner's ten studies in temperament in his new volume, Mad Folk of the Theatre, is a further demonstration of the literary culture and fine humanity of this really great actor, who is still before the American public. His earlier book, Footlights and Spotlights, showed his unusual capacities for presenting in literary form the theatrical life he has so long and ably represented. In his new book there is "certainly a mad company, my masters, and glad and at times sad and also, at times, it must be confessed bad, but, oh, so delightfully human always."

The gallery of its contents ranges from Thomas Betterton; Mistress Nelly Gwyn, the ancestress of British peers and the beloved little scullion of the London crowd; James Quinn, the dean of Drury Lane Theatre, who passed into eclipse only with the coming of Garrick; the beautiful Mrs. Bellamy; the delectable Dora Jordan; George Frederick Cooke, whose skull was "ruthlessly purloined by his friend and counselor, Dr. John Francis of New York, so that he lies decapitated in old Saint Paul's graveyard on lower Broadway"; Edmund Kean, who started his public appearances as a tight-rope walker and bareback rider in Saunders' Circus, but lived to receive from Lord Byron the tribute to his Richard III, "Richard is a man, and Kean is Richard"; Junius Brutus Booth, so sick from the sea that at his first appearance in Richmond he did not steady himself on his legs until the fourth act, when his Richard flared forth in his genius and he electrified his American audience. He proved a powerful, mad figure on the stage, and his great son, Edwin Booth, when asked how his own acting differed from his father's, merely replied: "I think mine is a little quieter."

Perhaps our age is not ripe enough for us to have studies of more recent thespians. Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, Joseph Jefferson, John Drew, James Crane, Clara Morris, have passed into books; but there await the distinguished careers of John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Wilson Barrett, Fannie Davenport, Maggie Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, Mr. and Mrs. William Florence, Lotta Crabtree, to take their place in the annals of the stage beside the foreign figures of Monet-Sully, the Coquelins, Bernhardts, Salvinis and Duses of Europe. Perhaps Mr. Skinner will give us some striking reminiscences of these more recent figures. Portraits from life are more valuable than copies of older pictures, and books built upon books about the stage take on a pallor that seems at times not natural.

"How old you must be, Doctor Angelicus," said one sweet young thing to me lately. "You have seen in the theatre the older Salvini, Clara Morris, John McCullough, Emma Abbot, Campanini, Max Alvary, Scalchi and other ancients!"

"Not so ancient, my dear Eucalypta, for I have also seen John Gilbert, Mrs. Drew, the grandmother of the Barrymore boys, Mrs. Whiffin, Schumann-Heink, Klafsky, Minnie Maddern before she became Mrs. Fiske, and a lot of lovely

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young people who have very recently grown old. I may note the sudden disappearance of great acrobats, simpering skipping-rope dancers—they fade from sight almost as rapidly as child pianists and violinists. They tell us that the London audiences never forget their old favorites. Here in America we are quicker to receive and quicker to dismiss our artists. How many, I wonder, remember the Hanlon Brothers, Fritz Emmet and Scanlan, the silver-toned balladist, Levy the cornetist, or Capitan, the trapeze artist, Jumbo the giant elephant, Jo-Jo the dog-faced boy, or even Zip the What-is-it.

"I never loved a fond gazelle
To soothe me with its cool black eye,
But when I came to know it well
And love it, it was sure to die."

"This suggests a query as to what becomes of all the blue-ribbon horses, dogs and cats pictured in last week's literary supplements, and what is the fate of all the child-poets that our master-critics and their mothers discover so readily. Am I to ask you about the snows of yester-years or the kinetoscopic rapidities of fashionable dress?

"We used to clear the dining table
To spread the ping-pong net across;
Our old home rocked from stoop to gable,
With bric-à-brac at total loss.

"While champions lunged through coign and cranny;
Our family portraits swing awry;
Since then the painting of dear Granny
Shows patched-up holes in either eye.

"But lotto came and then parcheesi
And parlor golf and rug croquet;
With garden archery it was easy
The next-door parrot's speech to stay.

"Then picture puzzles kept us busy
Till cross-word puzzles came along,
And soon our brains grew rather dizzy
In picking tiles for our mah-jong.

"Old bicycling and roller-skating!
How memories throng the heart, my dears!
What next are you prognosticating?
Where are the games of yester-years?"

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